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OBITUARY



ZINA WARREN, son of Daniel and Mary Warren, was born in North Carolina, September 9, 1831; died April 1, 1911, being at his death seventy-nine years, six months and twenty-one days old. His parents moved to Wayne County, Indiana, when he was quite young. Shortly afterward they moved to this community where the deceased was reared, educated and lived all his life.

In the year of 1854, he became acquainted with Isabelle Thomas and in 1855 they were married. To this union were born six children, three of whom died when quite young. Those living are Mrs. Thomas J. Newkirk and Will W. Warren, of Chicago, and Mrs. Lizzie Hodgins, of Carmel.

In 1862 he became converted to the Christian religion, but did not join the M. E. Church until 1868, of which he remained a loyal member until death.

He leaves a wife, three children, six grandchildren, three sisters and one brother, and many other relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Reminiscences of the Long Ago ^c



BEING A HISTORICAL SKETCH

...OF...

**The Early Settlement of Bethlehem,
now Carmel and Vicinity**

...WITH...

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDIANS

**And of The Doings and Makeshifts of the Early
Pioneers Who have passed away with a
Partial List of Their Names**

...AND...

A LIST OF THE DEAD OF BETHLEHEM-CARMEL

An Account of Merchandising and Other Branches of Business

Accidents, Suicides, Shootings, Fires, Etc. up to 1911

BY

Z. WARREN

Immigration and Settlement

IT IS with some reluctance that I undertake to write a history, not being a Ridpath, Bancroft, or a Pliny, but I will try to make it truthful and ask the reader to excuse any incongruities of composition, believing that at a future time this record of the past will be of some benefit, being written by one who is seventy-nine years old and has voted for president fifteen times, scoring eleven, and lived with the history of our country through three wars and five panics.

As my parents were the first white settlers in this immediate vicinity, and Daniel Warren, Sr., my father, the founder of Bethlehem, now Carmel, I will first give a little sketch of their history, immigration, and settlement here.

Daniel Warren, Sr., was born in the year 1791 and was of English descent. He was about eight years old when General Washington died and could remember the universal sorrow, and of hearing such expressions as "I suppose General George Washington is dead." In his younger days he was a hatter in North Carolina and worked, not in "Beard's Hatter Shop," but in old Salem. He was a son of Joseph Warren, who fell pierced in the breast by a bullet in battle with the British, one month and nineteen days after they

burned the Capitol at Washington. He, Daniel Warren, was only prevented by sickness from participating in the battle of "Perry's Victory" in Lake Erie, near Put-In-Bay.

Grandfather Warren was at home on furlough, and the day arrived for him to start back to the army, to return never more; but,

Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Till the resurrection morn.

My mother's maiden name was Mary Hoover. She was born about 1795. Her father, Jonas Hoover, and a relative, Rudolph Weymire, who was a soldier in the battle of Dettingen in 1743, immigrated from Hanover, Germany, sometime after the above date.

My parents immigrated from North Carolina in 1831, when Andrew Jackson was president, and Napoleon was sleeping on St. Helena. They loaded their wagon for the new country, Indiana, the then "Far West," putting in amongst other things a box of ginger cakes of home manufacture, and a little tin trunk filled with "Hard Money" with which to buy land; nothing but gold or silver would be received by the government for land.

They left their married daughter, Ruth, never expecting to see her again, the distance being almost as far then as around the world now. But in a few years a wagon arrived at our house, and the occupants sent some one in who asked mother if she would like

to see Ruth. She said "Yes, but I *never* expect to." He told her to go out to the wagon if she wanted to see her—they had immigrated.

Emigrants from North Carolina and other parts came occasionally. One day a covered wagon drove up to our house; they were folks from North Carolina, and some relation to my mother. After a little while their little flaxen haired girl approached rather shyly and handed me a large red streaked apple, and I expect the very stem was chewed up. Apples were not often seen, there being but one orchard in the vicinity of seedling trees, planted by the Indians. What became of that little girl? Long since departed, but one of her sons is now a prominent business man on West Main Cross Street, Carmel.

The little tin trunk, spoken of before, had a little padlock and was kept locked, so no one could steal their cash, and when camping it would sometimes be left unguarded in the wagon, not thinking anyone would be hog enough to carry off the whole trunk bodily. Nowadays there might be some persons that unscrupulous.

A little incident happened at the ferry over the Ohio River at Gallipolis. Two ferries were running in opposition; one offered to take us over for a little less, then the other underbid him, and so on until one said, "Come on with me and I will take you over for nothing." Then the other, not to be outdone, said, "Come with me and I will take you over for nothing

and treat to a pint of whisky." I do not remember hearing my father say which one he went with. We passed through Chillicothe, Ohio, and at Richmond, Indiana, called upon David Hoover, my mother's relative, who laid out the city and gave it its name.

My father, Daniel Warren, entered one hundred and sixty acres of land, cornering where now is the southwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets of Carmel. The patent deed had the signature of Andrew Jackson, then president.

There were yet some Indians, bears, panthers and wolves and deer galore, wild turkeys, pheasants, rattle snakes, and squirrels in great abundance. When burning brush at night, droves of deer, attracted by the light, would come near enough for their eyes to be seen. About where Edmund Graves' house now stands, my brother saw one lying in a tree top, and when he threw a stick at it, fifteen jumped up and ran flopping their tails. When a dog got after one he would often be thwarted by a fence, the deer making it at one bound.

The Rail Pen

The first thing to do after landing in the then solid wilderness, on the quarter section now the farm of Jonathan Johnson, was to cut down an oak tree and split enough rails to make a rail pen, and boards to cover it. A fire-place was left on one side and a "back-log" rolled in place, and a door on another

side, to which a sheet was hanged up for a shutter. This was the first house! Look at it—and it was about the second day of blustery March.

They lived in this house for six weeks, three of which mother and the children were left alone while father was on the hunt of his horses, which had estrayed, and there were the Indians and wild animals, and no white neighbors near. Drove of hungry wolves would come up of nights with their dismal howling. My father later kept dry brush heaps in stock, so that when the wolves got too fresh he could set fire to one, and the light would scare them away for that night.

They had to have pens and shut the sheep and hogs up of nights to secure them from the wolves. One night the wolves were howling, and they had forgotten to shut the hogs up, and my two elder brothers went in the dark to shut them up.

A Field of the Dead

At another time they neglected to put the sheep in the fold, and in the morning "A field of the dead rushed red on their sight, and the lambs and the sheep were scattered in the fight." A long pasture field was strewn with dead sheep from one end to the other, the wolves only sucking the blood from their throats.

The Log Cabin

After living in the rail pen six weeks our folks set about building a house. They made no cement

foundation, had no lumber or hardware bill to pay, no brick for chimney, no plastering, painting or papering; but rocks for corner stones, on which they built up with beech logs, scalped a little on two sides and notched down at the corners. Round poles made the joists and rafters, and clap-boards, split boards about four feet long, for the roof and ceiling. The boards on the roof were held in place by poles, and the boards were laid loose on the joists.

The cracks were "dobbed" with clay which, after drying, would crack and sometimes pieces would get knocked out, and here we see the origin of the phrase "knocking the dobbin" out of anyone. The floor was made of "puncheons," split slabs with the edges trimmed to fit together. The chimney was made of split sticks covered with clay, and the hearth and back wall of clay. The stairway was a ladder.

The doors were made of split boards with wooden hinges and latch, having a string to it, and passed to the outside through a hole in the door, pulling the string would unlatch the door and by pulling the string inside your door was fastened from the outside. Here we see the origin of the expression of hospitality by saying "the latch string will be out."

A few holes were bored and wooden pegs driven in for wardrobe hooks, and there was the house ready to move into. After a few years my father built a more pretentious house, the present old one on the Jonathan Johnson farm. The old log cabin was sold and moved to town for a stable and has decayed, except a small piece preserved by the writer.

Noes

In the early days of the first settlement there were no pike roads, steam or electric roads, locomotives, telegraph, telephone, wireless, express office, bank, post office, rural routes, postage stamps, envelopes, postal and post cards, money orders, steel pens, matches, kerosene, gasoline, electric lighting or power, natural or artificial gas, cement walks or building blocks, buggies, carriages, tile, bicycles, motorcycles, autos, taxicabs, tricycles, ice cream, horse clippers, safety razors, daily papers, Sunday papers, breach loaders, chloroform, ether, X-rays, phonographs, incubators, manure spreaders, wind mills, clover hullers, cultivators, hay rakes, corn planters, corn shredders, sowing machines, sewing machines, corn shockers, silos, mowing machines, reapers, self binders, hay and straw balers, road scrappers, organs, pianos, wire, wire screens, sausage grinders, canned goods, lawn mowers, cigarettes, moving pictures, high schools, factories, galvanized iron, wire nails, gimlet pointed screws, corn shellers, type writers, ratchet braces, patent screw drivers, kinetoscopes, rubber tires, sacharine, glucose, Japan dryer, eight hour law, aeroplanes, emery wheels, carborundum, bar sheer plows, systematic school books, acetylene gas, cylinder presses, cook stoves, heating stoves, star candles, carpet sweepers, knitting machines, cameras, photographs, fountain pens, gun cotton, smokeless powder, dynamite, nitroglycerine,

traction or gasoline engines, threshing machines, straw stackers, separators, oil lamps, glass lanterns, cream separators, creameries, sorghum, rubber shoes, and various other things.

If the pioneers had microbes, they did not know it. They had no tuberculosis, it was only consumption; had no hosiery, only stockings and socks; no cemeteries, only graveyards; no churches, only meeting houses, and after musical instruments came, no violins, only fiddles. The towns had no restaurants, they were only eating houses.

Make-shifts

For mail, the pioneers went to Westfield after the office was established there. Postage rates was according to distance, and letters limited to half an ounce, and to but one or two sheets of paper. For long distances the rate was twenty-five cents, and you could prepay or not, as you preferred. For steel pens they used goose quills, which were staple articles of trade at the store, when there was one, and they brought three cents per dozen in goods. For ink they boiled a little maple bark, to which was added a small lump of copperas, and they had a jet black ink.

Lanterns were made of tin, perforated with small holes to let a little stray light through, and with a door on one side, and had a short tube inside to place a bit of candle. Next came an improvement, the four sides were of glass, held together at the corners by strips of tin. Then came lard oil and glass flue, and lastly the kerosene article now in use.

It is not necessary to mention the big kettles of whole grain lye hominy, but will here tell how they made a mortar to crack corn to make "small hominy" before the advent of the first grist mill. A cut about two feet long from a beech log would be set up on end, live coals of fire placed in the center of the top, on which bits of wood were placed, and the fire kept burning till a round bottomed cavity was burned out, watching to see that it was not burning too near the edges. Then this black cavity was dug and scooped out to remove the charred part, and it was finished. Then for a pestle or "hominy beater" they split a stick and put the flat part of the iron wedge in the opening and fastened it by lashing tightly.

Joseph Green made combs of cows' horns, and Jacob Green, Sr., and Nathan Hawkins, cooperage, iron bound well buckets which were staple articles, all of which could be bartered for.

Sugar Making

They made their maple sugar and molasses, and if camps were not too far apart, when one "stirred off" they sent for the neighboring camp people to come and eat wax. Sometimes when out of maple molasses, they would boil pumpkin juice to a molasses. Children would make wooden spoons for wax, in the winter to have them ready.

Oh, there is yet an indescribable charm to the very name of the "sugar camp" where we would lean against, or sit on a mossy log, or climb a tall "sap-

pling" and eat our big ball of wax. Eating much wax would give one an appetite for something salty, and we would take to the camp in the morning some slices of regular, Simon pure, dyed in the wool, home cured ham, bread and eggs, and for dinner fry the eggs in the ham gravy, or "sop," make spicewood tea by boiling sugar-water till sweet enough, have warm maple molasses, then eat our dinner in the wildwood, a big log being our table. A true picture, but never to be realized again as "Our fugitive years are all hastening away."

I will tell here what a predicament our folks were in at one sugar making time. They cooked on the fire-place, and, in order to save the sugar water, had taken many of the cooking utensils to the camp, and an itinerant preacher came. Mother hardly knew how to do; and just to think, that he was a preacher! She apologized, but in after years she concluded that preachers are about like other people.

Home-Made Clothing

The pioneers made their own clothing of wool from the sheep's back, and flax from the flax patch. The wool was sheared, washed, picked, carded, spun, colored and wove up into cloth. They even had button moulds and cast their buttons of pewter, sticking a little wooden peg in a certain place to make the eye. If they had no pewter and did not want to melt up a pewter plate, they used lead instead. Those not having moulds would borrow. Some buttons were

made of gourd shells, cut round and covered with cloth. Gourds were raised for dippers and drinking cups; one would be hung up at wells and springs, and oh, what a good drink one could get from an old-fashioned gourd!

The women knit stockings and socks. Straw hats were made for summer; for winter lambs' wool was taken to Mr. Hennings at Westfield, and made up into hats on the shares. For shoes, hides were tanned on the shares, and made up by shoe-makers the same way.

They made their own soap with lye and grease. They sowed their flax and when mature, pulled it up by the roots and spread it out in rows on the grass for the stalk to rot and be brittle. Then it was put upon a scaffold and kiln dried, and there were four things which to the rising generation would be non-descripts—a flax break, an upright scutching board, a wooden scutching knife, or paddle, and a hackel.

The flax was then put in the break and the stalk broken into short pieces, then passed to the scutching board and the "shoves" knocked out, then it was pulled through the hackel, which separated the short fiber from the long. The long was regular flax ready to spin, and the short was "tow," which was coarse and had scraps of stalk left in it. It was made into tow linen for pants and shirts, and pity the skin of those who had to wear them. Some of the tow was spun into twine and traded at the store for wrapping

twine. Think of the merchant using tow string and coarse brown paper, made of straw and woolen rags, to wrap up packages. They had no paper sacks but sometimes the store-keeper's wife would paste some of the brown paper into sacks in which to tie up coffee.

I will tell a tow-shirt tale. A boy, who is yet living, had nothing else on, waiting while his mother was patching his tow pants. A man was seen coming and his mother told him to run up in the loft, but it was such a rare thing to see somebody coming, could he forego the sight? No, he split to the door first to see the man, who by that time was in the yard, then ran up the ladder to the loft. His mother explained, and the man, Elias Johnson, said he understood it all. That boy walked carefully over the clapboard floor so as not to step on the end of a board, for if he had it would have tipped and landed him on the lower floor with banner flying.

Before leaving the flax subject, I will relate the disastrous ending of a flax breaking and scutching, about seventy years ago, on the farm now owned by Jonathan Johnson. All was in readiness and work had begun; the season's flax in sheaves was dry on the scaffold over the fire and around it, some of which was broken, scutched and hackled, when the boy, who is yet living, and who was scutching a strand of flax, one end of which was wrapped around his hand, got a little lazy, or cold, and in yanking around and standing with his back to the fire, the lower end of his dry

flax came into contact with the flame. Then such another yelping and jumping! In trying to get the burning flax off his hand, he did such a lively job of flopping it up and down that he set fire to the whole kiln of flax, and that which was broken, the pile of scutched, hackled and the pile of tow. So the whole kit was destroyed, the flax work all done, and the boy left with a burned hand as a reminder.

Before matches came into use the pioneer covered fire with ashes, but if it failed to keep they would go to the nearest neighbor and borrow fire, or strike fire with flint and steel. Many times they would have to go for fire before they could get breakfast. Some kept a log heap or stump burning to furnish fire.

For gates they made bars and hay forks were cut from the woods and trimmed up nicely and the prongs sharpened. For cathartics they boiled white walnut bark and made pills. Many had not coffee mills and would put the coffee in a rag and pound on a flat-iron, and in the event of getting out of coffee, and the store being miles away, they would brown corn-bread crusts on live coals, or as a substitute, brown wheat, if they had it.

Instead of barshear plows they used the jumping shovel. For reapers, mowing machines and self-binders, they used the sickle, cradle and scythe. For threshing machines, they spread the wheat out on the barn floor, or a smooth level place on the ground, and had horses to go round over it till the grain was

tramped out, or beat the grain out with a "flail." The grain was then run through a fan mill to separate from the chaff, and if they had no fan mill would flop a sheet up and down to blow the chaff away.

Instead of magazines, they read Poor Richard's Almanac. For school books they had the English Reader, Pike's Arithmetic, Walker's Dictionary, and Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, and introduction to the English Reader.

The schools did not have many classes, as the books were miscellaneous, scholars taking whatever kind they happened to have; for reading books, histories, etc., were used and there were cases in which scholars not having books took a newspaper in place of a reading book.

For light, if they had tin candle moulds, they would mould tallow candles, the wicks of which would have to be snuffed off occasionally or they would give but little light, and candle snuffers were staple articles. Not having moulds, they would dip the wick into melted tallow, and let it cool, repeating the process till they would have an irregular and unsightly candle which they called "schluts," or tallow dips. But not having tallow, an iron lamp, kept for sale by the store, was used. It was to hold grease and had a twisted rag for a wick. Not having the iron lamp, a saucer was used to hold the grease, with a rag wick extending over the edge.

Instead of an eight or ten hour law, men's work was from sun up till sun down at about twenty-five

cents per day. The women cooked by fire-place, the four main cooking utensils were of cast iron; a teakettle, skillet with lid, bake oven with lid and a stew kettle. Later on the frying pan with a long handle was used.

The first sign of preparing a meal was to see the teakettle set on the fire, and the skillet and lid placed on to heat. When hot, live coals were shoveled on to the hearth to set the skillet of bread to bake, putting on the hot lid and shoveling live coals on it. Then there was the "Johnny cake," corn bread shortened with home rendered lard, or "cracklines" if at hog-killing time, and spread out on a "Johnny cake" board and baked by the direct heat of the fire, on both sides by turning. Good enough for a meal without anything else; yum! yum!

It would sometimes happen that the teakettle would upset on the fire. Ho! then there was a miniature Vesuvius, with steam, ashes and soot flying, and kids and cats following suit, or soot, but not in the same direction. Later on, swinging iron cranes were used over the fire place with different length S hooks to suspend kettles and pots on.

For brooms, they made hickory ones by taking the body of a hickory bush of proper size and length and stripping the tough splints from the end up apiece, then from higher up the splints were pulled down over the lower ones and then tied, and the balance of the stick was shaved down to proper size for the handle.

Lead pencils had no wood on them, were about the size of our present ones, but were all solid and of the same material contained in our present ones. After writing awhile one's thumb and finger would be black. Inkstands were sold in the store and were made of two or three thick pieces of cork fastened together with wooden pegs and a hole left in the center in which was a little glass receptacle for the ink.

Goose quill pens were used in the schools, and when one got out of repair the pupil would go and hand it to the teacher, no words being passed, and he would remake the pen and hand it back. The teacher had a small sharp knife for that purpose, and here is the origin of the word penknife.

Very early not many had clocks, and a "noon-mark" was cut in the floor at the south door to indicate dinner time and if the sun was not shining they could guess at it. For pumps they had the "well sweep" with an iron bound well bucket on the end of a pole or rope, or a windlass with a crank, by turning which the rope and bucket were let down and drawn up.

Rope Making

Before flax was ready, well ropes were made of the outer bark or fiber of nettles, some one having a rope twisting machine, which served for the whole neighborhood and on which later they made their

ropes of flax or tow. There was some art in the process, and the uninitiated had to be shown. The rope maker was a twister, and,

When a twister a twisting, would twist him a twist,
For by the twisting of his twine, he three twines doth entwist,
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

The Gas Well

In stating the things the pioneers did not have, I said they had no natural gas, but they had one gas well and did not know it.

Ezekiel Clampitt dug a water well on his land, east of where now is the Friends Church at Poplar Ridge, and after he had come out, heard such a sizzling noise at the bottom that he attempted to let down a lighted candle to see if the "damps" were in it. A man having on tow clothing, which had been worn till nappy, was sitting on the edge of the well with his legs hanging down in it, and Mrs. Clampitt was standing near the edge with her baby in her arms. When the flame of the candle reached the edge of the well there was an explosion, and a flame of fire heavenward. Mr. Clampitt's hat was blown off, Mrs. Clampitt was knocked down, and woe to the man sitting on the edge—it set the nap of his tow clothing afire, burning all over him. People came to see the wonder, and after it had been burning for some time, Mr. Clampitt was afraid of it, and filled the well up, and dug one in another place.

The First Cook Stove

About 1839, the first cook stove in this immediate vicinity, an old style step-stove, was brought here from Ohio by Caleb Harvey. My father bought it of him for twenty-five dollars. Neighbors came to see cooking done on a stove.

The First Grist Mill

In very early days a grist mill was built on Cold Creek in the vicinity of Smoky Row, and was still operated up to, and sometime during the war, or later. There was more water in the creek in early days than now, but when it got low the "head gate" would be shut down till the dam was full, then they could run the mill till that head of water was exhausted. In the forties, perhaps, a saw mill was added, but it was not the first one.

The first saw mill was erected by Benjamin Mendenhall on the creek east of town, and later, I believe, the Wise boys had a steam circle mill near there. William Wilkinson had a saw mill in the Mattsville Settlement, later turned into a grist mill. There was a saw mill at Gray, Poplar Ridge, Mulberry Corner, with grist mill added, Pleasant Grove, and one south of there, north of here, by the Jeffries brothers, one at one time on Old Town Run; one here, a band saw mill by Charles Wilkinson, then Buck & Craggs bought and changed it to a circle mill, and later it was destroyed by fire. Then John E. Buck built another, which was finally removed from here. One by the

Laycock Manufacturing Company, which also burned down; then the present one commenced. There was a grist mill in the Mattsville Settlement, known as the Macy Bond Mill, run by water.

The first steam saw mill here was built by Samuel Carey, Joseph Macy and Bohan Harvey in 1847. It was a sash mill, the logs being hauled up into the second story on an inclined plane, and stood near where the school building now stands. It was later known as the Gideon Newby mill, he changing it into a circle mill on the ground story. Then later, he, in partnership with Silas Beeson, added a grist mill. When this saw mill was first started they sold clear poplar lumber at $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hundred, but later raised to 50 cents.

In operating this saw mill when first built, they sometimes did not have power enough, the safety valve rising and letting steam off; so Mr. Harvey, one of the firm, got on top of the boiler and sit on the end of the lever to hold it down! When some of them were at the machine shop at the city where the engine was made, and related the incident, the first answer they received was "Jeff Davis is a liar! He said the Indiana soldiers would not stand battle. Anyone who would sit upon that lever would face the cannon's mouth."

This was in the time of the Mexican war. After the Monon railroad came, T. E. Carey and W. P. Dixon erected the present flowing mill now operated by R. J. Follett & Co.

The Forests

At the time of first settling, the woods were much different from what they are now. The large timbers were standing—poplar, walnut, ash, oak, hickory, cherry, etc. There was an undergrowth of bushes more than now, and large bunches of spicewood which threw out arms from six to eight feet long, with smaller sprouts in the center. There were many patches of hazel and what spaces were left were covered with weeds, nettles and wild pea vines, the latter some places waist high and woe to any one whose lot it was to go through the woods just after a rain! He would get as wet as a drowned rat. Just let him touch a limb and a shower was upon him, and it seemed that the water was wetter than now.

The next thing in order, after building log cabins, was to look after clearing land for cultivation. First the bushes were cut down and small ones and sprouts grubbed up. The trees were either chopped down, or deadened by chopping around them. The best of the oaks and walnuts were split into rails, the others deadened but left standing either for future use, or when dead and dry, cut down, “niggered” off, rolled together and burned along with various other species which would be valuable saw timber now.

The tree being dead, their limbs were broken up in falling and were piled up and burned. At this distant day that looks like a waste of timber and fire-

wood. There was some sale for poplar trees after awhile, and good ones brought fifty cents per tree. But the trees are felled and,

'Ere other forests shall rise in their stead,
The most of us will surely be dead.

Sick Wheat

Until enough land could be cleared for both wheat and corn, corn bread was the rule. When the first crop of wheat came in, only think of biscuits of well kneaded dough, baked in a hot skillet over live coals and under a hot lid by a fire-place and eaten with fried ham and eggs, spicewood tea and maple molasses and with appetites sharpened by not having wheat bread for so long a time. Your finest cake would be nowhere in comparison.

At some harvests the wheat would be "sick" and the bread would make one sick, except a rare few who could eat it with impunity, my father being one, and mother would make biscuits for him only. One day our good neighbor, Eli Phelps, came and stayed for dinner and took one of the biscuits, thinking that if father could eat them he could, but after dinner he was sick enough.

Ginseng, or "sang" was plentiful and was a staple article of trade after a store came, at which it was bartered at twenty-five cents per pound, washed and well dried.

The squirrels were of gray species and were so very numerous that in order to raise any corn, the

neighbors would arrange hunting parties to thin them out and being too numerous to carry, and as they could not use so many, they strung their scalps, and the one having the most scalps was the best man. In course of time the fox squirrel came around and the grays disappeared.

The blackbirds were so numerous they had to be scared off by a "hoss fiddle" making a great clacking racket to keep them from taking up the newly planted corn.

In the autumn there was such a profusion of dry fallen leaves that when fire got started in them, woods and fences were in danger and all the neighbors had to drop everything and fight fire. There was an odor of burnt leaves and a pall of smoke hanging in the direction of the fire.

The Indians

We found aborigines, called "Indians," "First Americans." Perhaps they and the mound builders were one and the same. The author of the "Pre-historic World," after canvassing the subject, finally concluded that they and the mound builders, cliff dwellers, and the builders of the magnificent ruins of Mexico, Yucatan and Bolivia, the Aztecs, the Taltecs and Eskimos were one and the same race, but in different states of advancement.

God is in history which no man can unravel. Who can tell us who, without iron tools, sculptured the statues of Chaac Mol and Huitzilopochtli? The

latter was unearthed in the city of Mexico. Ghost of Tenoclititlan, can'st thou tell? The Indian women strapped their papooses on a board and carried it on their backs. There was one case in which the squaw, before entering a white neighbor's house, left her papoose leaning against the outside of the house and an old sow came along and ate it. The poor woman mourned and cried, "Oh, my poor papoose, my poor papoose!"

There was one family of Indians by the name of Ketcham that lived a little southwest of Mahlon Day's residence, on the west of the little stream, and there was a good sulphur spring on a little solid spot, but the ground around it was soft and shaky. There was an ever-ready gourd hanging near out of which to drink. The marsh has been drained and the spring is no more. A few trees of the Indian's orchard are yet standing. Pieces of bright lead ore and flint darts were found in the cabin.

The Indian's given name was Charley. He made a sale preparatory to going beyond the Mississippi to the Indian Territory. After going there one of his sons became a Methodist preacher. While living here my father traded him a silver watch for furs, and did not explain to him about its having to be wound up and when it stopped running, he came back with it and said, "Watch no good; white man no good." Upon being shown that it had to be wound, he said, "Watch all right; white man all right."

The Indians were friendly; my mother was kind to them and would give them things and talk to the squaws. My mother was called "Polly" and it happened that two other white women's names were the same, and after that old Charley called all white women "Polly."

At the time of his sale he was jolly, having imbibed too much "fire water." His squaw's name was Nancy, and he wanted to sell everything, and went around saying: "I sella my dog, I sella my Nance, I sella my papoose. Will you buy, Poll?" My father bought a few articles at the sale and went and paid for them on the day due, and the Indian said, "Good white man." He did not understand English as well as his squaw, and mother told him that people said the Indians would kill white folks, and said to him, "You won't, will you?" and he quickly ejaculated with emphasis, "Yes!" But his squaw said that he did not understand, and that he was all right.

The Ketchams, in some way, became rich after going to the Indian Territory, and drove in their coach. Not very many years ago, John F. Carey, when in the Territory, ran across and interviewed old Charley. Mr. Carey told him he was from here in Indiana, and he said, "Indiana?" and asked whose son he was, and when told said: "O, yes, Sammy Carey, good white man. Stay for dinner."

There was another set of Indians between Edmond Graves' and William Morrows' homes. They had tents

and many hounds for hunting. Mother went some distance to a white neighbor's and left my brother with them till she came back, and the squaw gave him a piece of dried venison, which was so salty that he could not eat it, and he was afraid not to eat it for fear they would kill him. He chewed at it till he got into a patch of high weeds and then threw it away. The Indian woman told of their singing their songs and mother asked her if they sang good songs and she answered: "Do you think we'd sing bad songs?" She told the Indian woman that before they came to this country they were told that the Indians could track white folks by their scent. The answer was: "Are white folks fools, and think Indians are like dogs?"

The Indian and white boys ran foot races, but the former generally outsprinted. They were experts with bow and arrows and showed how they made their flint darts, and fastened them on the arrows with the tendrils of deer's legs. Sometimes they would come begging and say, "Indian wants" so and so.

There was another Indian southeast. His name was "Johnny Cake." That sounds good. In one Indian grave was found a silver breast pin and in another a gun barrel.

I will wind up the Indian history by telling a soup tale. In those days a squad of these aborigines likely returning from an unsuccessful hunting or fishing expedition, and hungry, passed by a white settler's who happened to have been butchering hogs,

and asked for the entrails, which they carried with them, and upon stopping at another house begged their dish water and the use of a large kettle.

With the entrails for a body, and the dish water for the broth, they had a kettle of hot soup. Then each one got a piece of cornstalk which they sopped in the soup, as they squatted around the kettle, and sucked the "goody" from it till the soup was thus licked up. Reader, how would that kind of a menu strike your copperosity?

Log Rollings

When the logs in a "clearing" were all burned or chopped into lengths, it was very common to make a "log rolling," inviting neighbors enough to roll into "log heaps" a whole field in a day, and in order to get good work by the young men, the women folks would have a quilting or wool picking the same day, the young folks knowing that so soon as the day's work was over a party was to take place, and at its close the boys would see the girls home. In like manner they had house and barn raisings.

Legal Tender

Foreign coins were legal tender and there were more of them in circulation than our own, mostly Spanish and Mexican, consisting of dollars, halves, quarters, eighths and sixteenths. The quarters were called shillings, or bits, the half quarter or eighth, twelve and half cents was called "lebenpence" (eleven

pence) and the sixteenths, six and one-fourth cent pieces, fips, or "fip and a bit." I suppose the quarter of the cent was the bit. In the days of fips we had very hard times and a fip was about as hard to catch as a dollar is now. A man's wages for covering corn at planting time was twenty-five cents, and a boy, if an expert at dropping corn, got ten cents.

Wheat brought thirty-seven and a half cents per bushel, but had to be hauled in a wagon to Lawrenceburg or Cincinnati and a team would be on the road about a week, bringing back a side of sole leather, barrel of salt, etc. Salt was about ten dollars a barrel. They would finish out the load coming back with salt, iron, etc., for the home merchant. Corn was as low as eight cents per bushel.

There was a wedding not in Cana of Galilee, but near Bethlehem, now Carmel, and money being scarce and groceries, etc., for the dinner being high, the parents of the bride tried to get them to "put it off" for awhile, but it is not necessary to add that it would not "put off."

First Church and School House

It was the Friends log "meeting house," then called Richland, on the south side of the cemetery, then called "grave-yard." It was also used for a school house, and was built about 1833. A sheet was hung up for a door shutter till they could get lumber for one. An addition, the same size, was built to this house in 1835.

For fire they had boxes of clay and mortar in the center, in which they burned charcoal, till later they put in plain box stoves. These had plates near the top to draw the blaze to the back part and then forward again to the pipe in front. The plate of the one in the school room, getting so it would fall down, school would have to adjourn until it was set up again and it got to behaving so badly that one day, at the noon play time, the teacher sent for, not the seven grave cardinals who compelled Galileo to recant, but Isaac Rich, one of the strict gallery overseers of the church, to come with his rifle and shoot it! After that they had no more trouble with it, as he shot holes in the sides of the stove, through which iron rods were inserted to hold the plate up.

Before this log building disappeared, a new frame one was built south of it in 1843 and 1845, but was torn down after the location of the present one. On the south of the above removed building was the brick Carmel Academy, later condemned and torn down. Before the Academy, there was a frame school building east of the above mentioned torn down church, used in the fifties, and which was removed into Clay Township and finally sold.

There was a common school house on the road south, on the northwest corner of J. W. Moffitt's present residence farm which was finally sold and removed. There were also other log school houses, one with one door and one window of four eight by ten panes on the farm since owned by Jonah Fertig. The

patrons met here to make the improvement of a long window and a plank for writing lessons. They sawed out one log, and pasted newspapers in its place and then smeared soap grease on the paper, making it translucent enough to let in a little light.

The old M. E. Church building on South Main Street was finished in the fall of 1855, and was sold and removed after the completion of the present new one, which was dedicated March 4, 1906.

Tinkers, Clock Repairers and Peddlers

In the early days the above personages passed through the country, and mostly on foot. The tinker carried a budget on his back in which was his melting ladle and moulds for melting up and recasting the pewter ware, basins, dishes, plates, spoons, etc., which were used in those days, and perhaps some stock of pewter for casting additional ones. This ware would get bent out of shape and tarnished, but when recast was nearly as bright and nice as silver, and would shine nicer than a "pewter dollar in a mud hole."

The clock repairer was looked upon as a person of more than ordinary ability, being able to pile up the wheels of a clock, and then get them all back to their places. A clock you can buy now for two or three dollars cost about twenty then.

The foot peddler came along occasionally, and they could buy combs, buttons, thread, needles, pins, Jews harps, red handkerchiefs, etc.

Five Dozen Eggs at One Meal

I can record a case in which a family of ten ate five dozen boiled eggs at one meal and at another time ate a pile of pumpkin pies about ten inches high. Pumpkins were plentiful, and eggs sometimes, when any sale for them at all, brought one and a half cents per dozen. One farmer brought a bushel basket full to the store, and being no sale for them at any price, threw them against a stump one at a time.

Soft Soaping

It happened that Jonas Hoover was about to start to see his neighbor, Barnaby Newby, and it being wash day, his wife wanted him to take off his shirt to be washed; but refusing, she thought to fix him, and smeared his shirt while on him all over with soft soap so he would be compelled to take it off, but he was stubborn and went to the neighbor's in that plight.

Showing New Boots

Once upon a time it came to pass that some of the young men actually had boots and on a Sunday afternoon and just after a heavy rain, a party of them were walking over a pasture field and one had boots and wished it to be known. A little piece ahead a small pond of water had spread out, and he ran and jumped in it thinking to make a big splash and show that he had boots, he went entirely under water and

came up the second time before being rescued. He had jumped into an old well overflowed by the heavy rain.

State and County Roads

Somewhere about 1835 the state road, now Main Street, was hacked out from Indianapolis to Kokomo, and the county road, now our Main Cross Street, a little later. The bushes were cut and some trees most in the way. Big logs were in some places left to be gone around. A little north of L. J. Small's drug store was a large log lying across the road and they put fire and a chunk on it, burning enough away for one on horseback or afoot to pass through, but a wagon had to go around it.

Starting a Town

In 1837 my father set about starting a town here, being the intersection of the roads and where four farms cornered, the southwest being his own. Two others, Alexander Mills on the northeast and John Phelps on the southeast, were willing to have land platted and sell lots, but on the northwest the owner was unwilling. My father offered him one hundred dollars for an acre, enough for four lots. That being such a big price he accepted it. Then the grounds were platted and recorded under the name of Bethlehem.

There were a plenty of tadpoles then, and my father meeting a neighbor who was opposed to having

a town, told him that we had a town and its name was Bethlehem, and his answer was "Yes, Tadpoles Glory."

My father sold lots at whatever he could get for them in order to start the town. One he sold for five yards of home-made jeans of indifferent quality, and the purchaser was to build a house on it and did of small round logs, the cracks filled with clay, and about large enough for a poultry house; but it filled the contract.

The postoffice was named Carmel, because there was one in the state by the name of Bethlehem. In the early sixties when the town was incorporated the name was changed to Carmel to accord with the name of the postoffice.

Establishment of the Postoffice

On the 20th of January, 1846, the postoffice was granted by the name of Carmel with service once a week horseback. Joseph W. Macy was appointed postmaster, and he served to January 4th, 1847, then Levi Haines, Sr., was appointed. Mr. Haines served until April 16th, 1850, when Isaac W. Stanton was appointed. Mr. Stanton held till October 17th, 1853, when Alfred T. Jessup was appointed. Mr. Jessup held till April 3rd 1856, when John H. Kenyon took charge. Mr. Kenyon served till February 26th, 1858, when Jonathan J. Griffin superseded him. Mr. Griffin's time ran up to the appointment of Alfred W. Brown, September 14th, 1858. Then commenced a

long term when Z. Warren took charge of the office, first as assistant on the 6th of April, 1864, until receiving his appointment and commission in the following July.

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At this time postage to Oregon was ten cents for a half ounce letter, and to England twenty-four cents, later re-adjusted to twelve cents, then again to five, and recently to two cents.

Z. Warren, the writer hereof, served till November 28th, 1885, when superseded by Eli G. Binford during Cleveland's first term. Warren's whole time being twenty-one years, seven months and twenty-two days. Postoffice boxes were installed on the tenth of June, 1864, and soon after a bi-weekly and later a tri-weekly route was petitioned for and granted, via Noblesville, and a hack ran to carry passengers, and later was granted daily, and after a time was changed direct from Indianapolis, then again changed back to Noblesville, till the railroad commenced carrying the mail, June 15th, 1883. The first regular passenger train went through on June 18th, 1883, northbound.

The money order and postal note business commenced about six months before Warren relinquished the office. His successor, above mentioned, served nearly four years, when J. W. Nutt was appointed in 1888, serving four years till 1892, when America Crags was appointed and served four years till 1896. Then George Bowen was appointed and served until resigning in the early part of 1909, and recommending the

present incumbent, Alfred V. Rayl, as his successor, who was appointed and is our present postmaster, he being the thirteenth.

During the time of the horseback route, if the river was up, even enough for an excuse, the carrier would come only to Broad Ripple and leave our mail there, and sometimes after not having any mail for three weeks, we would send for it. This being the darkest year of the war, we had the postmaster at Indianapolis send our mail to Noblesville, and a club was formed here to go after it, each one taking his turn, and bringing daily papers.

The horseback carrier upon entering town blew a blast on his tin trumpet to warn the postmaster to be ready to change the mail so he could be on his way again. When the mail hack ran one had little time at the city, being on the road most of the time, and cold if in winter. Think what a change now, carried in a comfortable car by electricity in so short a time and at little over one half the hack fare and advantage of going and returning at one's convenience.

A Rattlesnake Tale

About the year 1832 when there was yet a log heap in the yard of our rail pen, or log cabin, a large yellow rattler came into the yard and crawled into the heap, and my mother was alone with the children and being fearful for their safety, besides the old grudge between the woman and the serpent anyhow, (see Genesis) she planned to extinguish him. She got a

“big stick” and thinking, “old fellow thee’ll have to come out of there” as she set fire to one end of the dry heap, and stationed herself at the other. She did not ask if it was hot enough for him, but soon he discovered that fact and came “poling” out. She struck one lick after another, hallowing at each strike just as loud as she could, and she landed him.

The First Store and Subsequent Ones

About the year 1835, it came to pass that a rumor went forth that we were to have a store in Bethlehem and soon it began to assume a reality, as a round beech-log “store-house” was actually erected and roofed with the conventional “clap-boards,” and the cracks between logs chunked and dobbed with clay. By a certain Sunday it had got to this stage, no floor or shelving yet, and the young men of the neighborhood gathered there to discuss the great event. Among those present were my brothers, Martin Phelps and his brother John, Clarkson T. Cook, and Jesse, or Joseph P. Cook, some of Isaac Rich’s boys and others in their Sunday clothes. The store stood about where L. J. Patty’s milliner shop and office burned south of the bank.

A store was started in it by a man by the name of Boggs, and his clerk’s name was Benson Bogus. In the fall the clerk would put a notice that he was out gathering hickory nuts, and if some one came for a spool of thread, bonnet board or wire, they would hunt him up. Some of the staple goods were New

Orleans sugar and molasses, mackerel, blacksmith's iron, dog irons, cast iron, odd lids for skillets and ovens, calico, "factory" (coarse muslin), bandana handkerchiefs, Jew's harps, wooden combs, bonnet boards and wire, pine tar, iron lamps, snuffers, wool cards, etc.

A barrel of mackerel would sometimes sit near the door, being about the first thing one would see. Their wrapping paper was called brown paper, made of straw and woolen rags, no paper sacks then. As I remarked in the flax and tow narrative, they would buy tow twine for wrapping.

The first store did not remain very long, perhaps a year or two, then we had no store again; but sometimes goods were brought and auctioned, then another store would come and remain for awhile and then leave, until Levi Haines, Sr., came with a store in the same building, and after that we always had a store. Mr. Haines took in Caleb Harvey as partner but they soon dissolved partnership and the business was carried on by the former as before.

After Mr. Haines retired, Little, Drum and Anderson, of Indianapolis, put in a general store in the same old building in 1846 or 7, with Elijah King as manager.

Mr. King later bought them out and carried on the business himself, and built a new frame building on the corner where the bank now stands, and after a time he took in Sylvanus Carey, and his son Josiah

E. King as partners, and the firm was known as King, Carey & King. Mr. Carey going out, the firm was E. King & Son. The son, Josiah E., left the firm in March 1864, leaving his father, Elijah King, alone again, he ran his stock down and closed out, auctioning off the old traps etc., then repaired and painted some, and started anew, not keeping groceries and finally selling out to his son, Frank H. King, who added groceries again. After a time the latter was appointed a missionary to Mexico by the society of Friends, and disposed of his stock to Puckett & Stanley, and after returning from Mexico took back the stock of goods, and finally closed out, but afterward went into the shoe business on west Main cross street, succeeded by Mr. T. H. Burkhart who of late associated in partnership with Mr. T. A. Painter. Mr. Burkhart retiring, leaves Mr. Painter sole proprietor.

The frame store building of Elijah King was moved down on the "big ditch" by Joseph Hornbaker for a blacksmith shop and it went up in smoke at the time the Jefferies livery barn burned.

About 1850 Elam and Alfred W. Brown from Richmond, Ind., opened a general store on the southwest corner of East Main cross street and College Avenue, in the residence building now owned by Mr. Thomas White. Later, John Kinzer, who built the L. J. Small drug store building died, and the Brown brothers moved their store into it. After a time they sold to Kenyon & Randall, the latter soon leaving

the firm, and Mr. Kenyon later sold to Jonathan Griffin and brother, whose stock was bought by some one at Westfield and removed there.

After this Alfred W. Brown returned and put in a stock of general merchandise, and closed out in April 1864. Then the building stood vacant for some time till Stanley & Symons started up with drugs and groceries. Mr. Stanley dying the business was conducted by the surviving partner, Mr. Alpheus Symons, or Symons & Baker. After this Thomas E. Carey came in and the firm was Carey & Symons, and after their time William S. Warren bought the real estate and he and David W. Kinzer conducted a drug and grocery store. Mr. Kinzer left the firm and Warren sold the real estate and drug and grocery stock to Eli Small, Sr., after whose death the real estate and stock was taken by his son, L. J. Small, the present occupant.

A few years, ago Oden Hamar went into the drug business here in the building, since destroyed by fire, on the south side of the bank, but closed after a short time.

In March, 1864, Josiah E. King having purchased the real estate at the southwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets opened up a general store and stock of clothing, doing much business for a time. On the sixth of April following, the postoffice went into this store in charge of Z. Warren as assistant postmaster, who was appointed postmaster and received

his commission in July following from Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General, during Abraham Lincoln's administration.

Mr. King closed out in January, 1869, Asel Dunning buying the stock, but later went into the grocery business in the building just south of the bank, since destroyed by fire, and upon his death his widow, Mrs. Frances King continued the business for awhile. Mr. Dunning, after merchandising awhile, sold a half interest to Alfred T. Jessup, the firm being Jessup & Dunning. Then Sylvanus Comer bought Mr. Dunning's interest, changing the firm to Jessup and Comer, and the latter retiring left Mr. Jessup alone until Thomas Harvey went in as partner, changing the firm to Jessup & Harvey. Mr. Harvey leaving, the firm afterward was Jessup & Warren, the latter buying Mr. Jessup's interest in September, 1885, and closing out in 1898. Then L. J. Patty removing his stock from the opposite side of Main Street into the room, and later selling a half interest to Thomas A. Painter, the firm was Patty & Painter and afterwards Painter & Barker. Mr. Barker leaving the firm, Mr. Painter went to the Masonic Hall building in 1906, and finally selling out to Irvin L. Kinzer, who was succeeded by Spivey & Co., the present occupants.

In February, 1907, Carl E. Thomas commenced the grocery business on the southwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets, and of late was succeeded by Thomas H. Burkhart, the present occupant.

Before the Masonic Hall store room was occupied by Mr. Painter, it had been used by Thomas W. Nutt, hardware; Jason Leppard, shoes and furniture; after which by the Citizens Bank; then by Alpheus Farlow, and later by the Thomas Bros, the latter two firms grocers.

About 1871 or 1872, David W. Kinzer commenced the general store in the building occupied at present by his son, W. A. Kinzer, taking in Isaac W. Harold as partner, the firm being Harold & Kinzer, but later Sylvanus Carey going in as partner changed the firm to Harold, Kinzer & Co. Carey and Harold going out, Mr. Kinzer was alone till being afflicted with rheumatism, retired in favor of his son, W. A. Kinzer.

In the early fifties, Joseph Randall, Jr., leaving the firm of Kenyon & Randall, and taking with him some of the old stock of shoes, etc., which he had traded for and took in with him, set up a little grocery in a small building which Caleb Harvey had built for a store room on the east side of South Main Street, at the intersection of Vine Alley, in front of where the Crag's residence now stands. It was attended by his son-in-law, Amos P. Harvey, who also worked on clocks and watches.

Along about this time Terry Templin had a small grocery on the east side of South Main Street, on the next lot south of Isaac J. Bales' residence. He took out the ashes in a pine box, which he set in the back room, and about one o'clock that night the building went up in smoke and flame.

At present there are very many other business enterprises, such as: The Carmel Lumber Yard, Newspaper Office, grocer of W. A. Puckett, Bank, Telephone System, Library, "Racket" Store, cement block business, Hardware, Harness, Meat Market, Natural Gas Company, Bakery, Creamery, Restaurants, etc.

The Tan-Yard

Soon after the town was established, Caleb Harvey started a tan-yard on the south side of what is now West Main Cross Street, and extending east from the "big ditch", with its pool, tanning vats, etc., shed for storing and grinding tan bark, another building for currying and finishing room.

The vats were oblong, sunken in the ground and made water tight of sawed oak about two inches thick, their tops being flush with the top of the ground.

They tanned cowhides, calf, sheep, dog, or any kind of skins, and made good sole and upper leather, coloring the latter black. The tan bark was of oak, peeled off about four feet long while the sap was up. In some cases nice white oaks were cut and peeled for the bark, the bodies being left to decay or be burned.

The yard was later owned or operated by Isaac W. Stanton and Bohan Harvey awhile, Mr. Stanton making up some of the leather into harness. This yard was owned by other parties, Franklin Hall and

others. Esquire Isaac Wright was running it in 1855, but not long after that it went into Cleveland's "innocuous desuitude."

Packing House

About 1842 another business enterprise was entered into by Caleb Harvey, the same man who established the tan-yard, but it proved disastrous. It was a pork packing house; a log building was filled with pork up to the top. He bought the dressed hogs at one dollar per hundred net; made no use of the feet—any one could have all they wanted of them. The heads were not used, they only trimming off parts for the lard, and I forget whether they charged anything for the back bones and ribs or not, perhaps a little something.

Salt was then very high, had to be wagoned from the Ohio River. It was at some times from eight to ten dollars per barrel and it took a lot of it to salt down so much pork. This bacon had to be wagoned to Madison to find a market, and as the market price there in the spring was but three cents per pound, it would not pay transportation, and was consequently almost a total loss, as little could be sold at home, and the whole mass laid as packed, unsmoked, and rotted. Any one wanting any for soap or lamp grease could get it free. I will conclude this venture by relating an incident connected therewith.

A man brought in a single dressed hog after night and it was weighed and paid for without noticing its condition, which was all right except that it had not been fattened any, and observing the fact next morning the packer placed a rail extending out from the rail fence in front of the lot on which is John Rayl's residence, that being the packing lot, and hung the *poor* hog up there for a show. After hanging several days the seller's father carried it away.

The Big Ditch

The big ditch was dug by Daniel Warren about the year 1837 or 38, but no further north than the road, which is now Main Cross Street, and lower down were logs and drifts so the water would back up very much.

The First Burial

The first interment in our cemetery was a woman by the name of Huff, and a natural stone not far from the walnut tree marks her long resting place. But the first one from our town, or where the town was to be, to break the solemn and ever since oft and sorrowful traveled road, was Mrs. Miriam Phelps, a very estimable old lady, and the mother of Martin Phelps. She was a favorite of the writer, then a little boy, who stood out in the yard at our home, glued to the ground, with eyes fixed upon the solemn, white

covered wagon, the finest vehicle that could be obtained, until it started with the corpse, and was out of sight.

Since then three hundred and four more from this town have traveled over that road, "And there's more to follow."

The First House in Town

The Phelp's log farm house, previously spoken of, was the first one built where the town was later laid out. An addition was later built to it on the east, which when vacated was used by Mahlon Haines for a wagon woodwork shop. The writer remembers seeing the green chips lying in the yard, and of being left there by his parents while they went to stay till bed time with some other neighbors. They had a big log fire, and when the men folks and work hands came in and were circled around before it, he became abashed and commenced crying. The girls asked him what was the matter and he meant to tell them that he was bashful and wanted to go home, but did not know how to express his trouble, and answered that he was "ashamed of them." One of these girls a few years ago was wondering if he was ashamed of them yet.

First Frame House

Having described the first house in town, I will now tell of the first frame building, which was a two story built by Thomas Mills, standing with end to the

street, and having a veranda the whole length of the south side, on lot number three, on North Main Street. An accompanying out house was built but was smashed by a large oak tree falling on it.

The main house got so far along as to have a roof on the veranda, under which George Davis made furniture, etc. Times were so hard that this building, not even weatherboarded, stood and rotted till not safe, was pulled down.

About this time the Mills brothers put up a frame on the "Mills' lot" about east of where the William J. Hawkin's estate barn now stands and it stood, a frame only, till decaying was pulled down.

The next frame built and finished was on lot thirteen, North Main Street, by Thomas Mills, since torn down. Next in 1838 or 1839, Caleb Harvey built the two story frame, since removed to the northeast corner of South Main Street and Vine Alley, and John West built the two story part of the one now on the northwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets.

Little Incidents

About 1837 was the only hail storm in which the hail stones were as large as goose eggs, horses pelted by them ran galloping around in a frenzy.

The first tomatoes ever grown in this vicinity were in a bed about the year 1840 or 1841, on lot ten, just about where Mr. Strattan's lunch counter stands.

They were merely curios to all except the family who planted them. Neighbors put them on their mantels or shelves, thinking they were like a pig's tail, more for ornament than use.

The first threshing machine reaching this vicinity was the old style "ground hog" machine with a tumbling shaft, and was run by horse power. It was owned by Jacob Burnside. The sheaf band was cut with a pocket knife, and a toothed cylinder pulled the wheat in and threshed it all right but did not separate the grain and chaff, which was afterward run through a fan mill, propelled by hand, to blow the chaff out.

About the year 1842, a man afterwards a citizen of this town, planned to extract one of his molar teeth. Going up stairs and tying a cord to the tooth and an iron wedge to the other end of the cord, threw the wedge out of a window; he landed the tooth and it was well for him that he had a large strong neck, for he said it came so near breaking his neck, he would never do that way again.

When many of the dead oak trees were standing, and the ground frozen hard a farmer cut some of them down after night, and thinking his neighbor made an unnecessary complaint about disturbing his sleep, cut several nearly ready to fall, in a field adjoining him, and at the proper time that night cut one to awaken him, then piling broken limbs till he supposed him asleep again, then down would come another tree, till they were all felled, and his neighbor never complained again.

I will tell a cat tale. In the long ago some parents went from home, leaving the children alone, and they having a grudge against the old cat, thought that the opportunity to get rid of it had come. Not knowing how hard a cat is to kill, one held it up by the hind legs while another struck it with a club, and it jumped with a big *meow*, and ran under the house. They were watched by their little sister, who so soon as their parents returned, ran and met them and said: "We killed the old cat and she didn't die!" That "let the cat out of the wallet."

In those days a boy, who is yet living, was sent into the corn field to plant beans in the corn hills, and after planting awhile dumped and covered up the whole lot in one hill, and told his mother they were all planted!

There were a couple of old people here, Jirah Smith and wife, Avis, generally spoken of as uncle and aunt, and a little boy, Bennet Haines, whose sister or half sister, Sarah Ann, was staying with them, was asked by another boy why he did so. This question was a poser, and after studying a little, said: "Well, 'Sare Ann' has been staying there so long we are getting to be a little kin."

Jirah Smith, mentioned above, was a Yankee and one day a jocular farmer meeting him at the store asked him to play a "Yankee trick." "No," he replied, but said he would swap horses with him. So they repaired to the Smith residence to see his horse,

and going around to the back yard, he said: "There he is." It was a wooden "shave horse" used to sit astride, and to hold shingles, etc., to be shaved with a draw-knife! And that was the Yankee trick.

First Street Improvement

Once upon a time in the long ago, and in the nice springtime, enough civic pride developed to cause a spasmodic effort to improve Main Street, and Martin Phelps came with his team and plowed gutters on each side, from North Street south to Water or further. The other volunteers were John West, Bohan Harvey, Isaac W. Stanton, William S. Warren, the writer, and perhaps some others, each armed with a shovel or spade and earth was cast to the center, making a little thrown up way. This was long before the pike road came through, which was in 1865, J. Frank Davis having the contract through here, and the ground was in its natural condition, except what mud holes had developed, and were filled by the supervisor with beech brush which was near at hand, and on which dirt was shoveled. In a few years all traces of this grade disappeared.

Going to Quarterly Meeting

The Friends' Quarterly Meeting was held at White Lick before it was here, and was quite an event with the young folks. There being no buggies they went horse back, the girls mounted on side

saddles. A young man would ride side by side with his girl, and others would count it quite a diversion to ride in between and "cut him out."

Fires in Carmel

The first in town was the Terry Templin little grocery previously mentioned. The second was John W. Crew's Shoe Shop on the northeast corner of South Main and Water Streets. The others, though perhaps not quite in the rotation in which they occurred, were the saw mill of John E. Buck, the saw mill and drying house of the Laycock Manufacturing Company, where the Brunson mill now stands.

In 1898 the residence of Mrs. Kesiah Roberts on the west side of North Main Street, about where her present one now stands, burned. Next the millinery shop and nearby law office of L. J. Patty burned, supposedly from the gas having been left burning, and coming on too strong.

The John Jeffries livery barn, on the morning of July 26, 1905, burned, taking with it Joseph Hornbaker's blacksmith shop, M. L. Long's shoe shop, and Z. Warren's lumber house and privy, and charring and scorching Isaac N. Beeson's meat market and John C. Stanton's barn. Heroic efforts of the bucket brigade kept it from spreading further east. The fire started in the hay mow. The Westfield Chemical Engine Company being telephoned for, came down flying and did efficient service.

The residence of Martin L. Long on the west side of North Main Street, where W. A Puckett's residence now stands, was the next to burn, and caught by a kerosene lamp being overturned. Another fire was an out house near the old residence of Jonathan Johnson.

Other minor fires which were extinguished were: Emmanuel Harold's residence, southeast corner of South Main Street and Vine Alley; the Moffitt residence on the east side of North Main Street; Jonathan Johnson's old residence; L. J. Patty's residence building on north side of East Main Cross Street; the Hawkins store building on the southwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets, occupied by Carl E. Thomas at that time; a residence in the northwest part of town, and September 13, 1910, Leander Brunson's saw mill roof. Sometime back of these last was that of the middle room of the Bond Block, at night. The floor caught near the stove and a hole was burned through it.

In 1884, the second story floor of the store building on the southwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets, then occupied by Jessup & Warren, caught fire at some unknown time from the stove pipe, but after burning awhile without a blaze, went out of its own accord.

On the first day of March, 1911, the residence of Miles O. Cox took fire, burning quite a hole through the roof, but it was extinguished by the bucket brigade.

The First House Painted

The Crago residence building on the northeast corner of South Main Street and Vine Alley, originally standing further north on that lot, with the side to the street, and which has since been reweather-boarded, was the first painted house, occupied at the time by the builder's widow, who kept a boarding house. It was much weather beaten and cost her forty dollars to paint it nice and white, and with the chimney tops painted red, it made quite an appearance. The widow owner's name was Bathsheba Harvey. The painter's name was William S. Warren.

John D. Hopkins and Joshua Coshat

These were two eccentric characters here in former times, though not residents, yet making frequent visits. The first, the roving "good gathering" preacher, who appeared to have been bright at some time, but his mind was out of balance. He traveled afoot, and barefooted in warm weather, and was known nearly everywhere. He was a large man of pleasing, smiling nature. In cold weather he wore a long overcoat, made by himself of scraps of various colors sewed together. He called it Joseph's coat.

Mr. Hopkins preached on the street and left appointments to preach at long intervals, and would come up to time. In one case he set his time five years, and it was all forgotten, but he came promptly

to time. He sang his songs, some of which he composed himself, and would be given little contributions. He was entertained through sympathy. During the war he enlisted in the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment, and made for himself a breast plate of a plow shear. One day he notified them that he was going to a certain post, and they let him go. The poor man dropped out after a time and was supposed to be dead.

Joshua Coshat

The other character was of sound mind, but odd and of a sponging disposition, and having immigrated from North Carolina was acquainted with many here who came from there and made periodical visits, staying at each place till they tired of him. Sometimes he would bring as many as five young horses to be kept, and was particular about his fare and complained about so many not having their wheat threshed, he was tired of eating corn bread. Coming to our house once, he said: "Haven't you got your wheat threshed yet?" At another time when he came mother and father were away from home, and he told sister what he wanted for dinner. He said: "I want 'flour' bread, ham meat and eggs fried, and coffee," all of which was fixed for him.

The people tired of Mr. Coshat, and we got rid of him this way: There was one of our neighbors he never visited, Coshat owing him an old debt made in

North Carolina. We knew this neighbor wished to see him, and when Mr. Coshat came around again with his retinue of colts, mother sent the writer over to Barnaby Newby's to tell him Joshua Coshat had come. Mr. Newby immediately came over to dun him, and Coshat knew we had sent for him; and that was the last time we ever saw old Joshua Coshat.

A Squirrel and Woodpecker Tale

Many years ago a man of this vicinity, since becoming a citizen of Carmel, and now not living, went hunting and took his gun along. Spying a squirrel on the side of a tree, he fired, killing it, and the bullet glancing from the tree, struck and killed a red headed woodpecker on another tree! Should a man have made a business of hunting from the time of the building of the great Pyramid down to the digging of our "big ditch", he probably would never have made such a "hit."

Another hunting incident was that of a young man with a fine rifle, steel barrel, curly maple stock, ornamented with thirty pieces of sterling silver. He was not much of a marksman, and meeting with his first squirrel on the limbs of a tree, placed the already cocked rifle on the limb of a bush and was in the act of getting his eyes down to take sight when he accidentally pulled the trigger before taking sight, and lo! and behold! the squirrel fell to the ground, kicking

till dead, and the young man stood awhile amazed. He hunted no more that day and went home with his game while his credit was good as a marksman.

The First Suicide

Perhaps not far from 1840, the people were shocked by hearing of the suicide of Mrs. Anna Bond, wife of Ornon Bond, by hanging, being the first one to go in this manner.

The Simeon Hawkins incident occurred about 1876. He was shot in the head at his home, in a shed at the barn, and did not die for some weeks. He had been at Indianapolis that day, and he said that a man by the name of Jones followed him home and shot him. Some thought it a case of suicide, but perhaps no one will ever know this side of the resurrection. Mr. Hawkins was genial and clever, an enterprising citizen, and a kinder and more obliging man perhaps could not be found.

Some time during the seventies, or eighties, the suicides of Isom Wickersham, Noah Stafford, by hanging, and that of Jesse Lancaster, by cutting his throat with a pocket knife, occurred. Ill health was supposed to be the cause in the latter case.

Then on the twentieth of May, 1898, was the suicide of Martin Lanham, by drinking wood alcohol.

The last and recent case was that of Hiram Minting, who hanged himself in his barn, on the 17th

of August, 1908. He had lost his wife sometime before, and I think he left a note saying he was tired of living.

Shooting Incidents Not Fatal

Along in the sixties and seventies, there were three cases of shooting, neither one fatal. The first was that of Carey Harrison, who was supposed to be a rebel sympathizer, and while preaching in the Hill Church, was shot in the arm from an open window, supposedly by some returned soldier, in 1863 or 1864 during the war.

The second case was in the seventies, when Sylvanus Comer, who was in the covered bridge over the river at Broad Ripple, on his way home from the city after dark, was shot by a robber. The shot nipped a little piece from the rim of his ear.

The third was that of some water melon trespassers in the Poplar Ridge settlement, who were fired on from a shot gun.

The Tragedy

The only one to chronicle was the double and fatal shooting, which occurred in the John Jeffries livery barn, on the eighth of June, 1900. The victims being T. J. Johnson, an eccentric and defiant street preacher, called "Cyclone" Johnson, and William Frank Carey, the constable, who had arrested and

taken him to this place for trial before Esquire Collins for some offense. In some manner a melee developed and shooting commenced with the above results.

Mr. Johnson was considered by many as only an adventurer, who among other things did not look askance at, or eschew, collections.

Drownings

The first case of drowning in this vicinity was that of Miss Harold, daughter of Samuel Harold, Sr. She was drowned about 1840, while trying to ford Cold Creek at the Wilkinson Ford, northeast of the cemetery. She had been away working for some family, and on Saturday started for home horseback, meeting a swollen creek. No doubt, her joyful anticipation of home caused her to run the risk of trying to cross over. But thy stream, Cold Creek, lay between her and the happiness of her home. She ventured in a little too far down where the water was deeper, and the horse swimming over, the empty saddle gave the alarm. She could not be found then, but was given up as drowned, and was not found for three weeks, when she was found in a drift.

In 1842 or 1843 there was a case of near drowning in Eagle Creek. My parents, returning horseback from a meeting, got into deep water, mother dropping the baby, which was carried under a log or drift, but was rescued.

The next case was that of a Smith boy from this vicinity who was drowned in the river below the wagon bridge at Broad Ripple about 1857. He was the grand son of Jirah Smith. Joseph Lloyd, one of our citizens, came so near drowning in the same deep water, that he was bobbing under and his hat floating down stream, when William Pike swam in and rescued him.

The next case was in the sixties, when John Barker, a young man of Carmel, was drowned in White River east of here while in swimming, probably being seized with cramps.

The fourth case of drowning was that of Charles Harvey, a young man of Carmel and son of Henry Harvey, the wagon maker. It occurred in the sixties perhaps and in the same place where the Barker boy sank.

The fifth was the pathetic case of the drowning of Mrs. Mellie Hussey, wife of Frank Hussey, in the river near Broad Ripple Park, in 1907. She got into deep water, sank and was brought ashore after life was extinct.

Other Accidents and Happenings

Sometime in the forties, in tearing down our old log cabin, John Phelps, Jr., and another man were up on corners tumbling off logs, and the former was thrown down along with a log, but was not very badly hurt.

About this time occurred the death of Mrs. Ursely Lanham, wife of Thomas Lanham, near the Robert Lancaster farm. She was in the garden gathering cucumbers, when a limb from a dead beech tree fell and struck her head. It was a pathetic case; so sudden. Her children gathered around crying, "Oh, my mother! Oh, my mother!"

Another accident, wonderful but not fatal, was the case of a daughter of William Slater, perhaps about 1845. She was riding a young horse on a road through the woods, and was thrown, her head striking the spur roots of a beech tree, scattering some of her brains. She recovered, but her physician said she must never go to school anymore.

In 1847 or 1848, Nathan Newby, residing about two miles southwest of Carmel, was badly hurt by his horse falling on him. A gathering in his thigh ensued and, after lingering a few weeks, he died.

There is one old citizen yet living in Carmel who in the past met with so many accidents, I will relate them. The first was about 1834 when a little boy sitting barefoot on the clay hearth of the log cabin before a large log fire, with the old cat in his lap, when the top log with its live coals rolled down upon the side of one of his feet. His mother pulled his foot from under the log, leaving some of the skin of his foot adhering to the log, and some live coals to his feet. He said to his mother: "It's a fine thing it did not roll on the old cat."

After this, in walking near the edge of the floor where it was lain only partly across the room of the second story of a building, and looking upward at some object, he accidentally stepped off with one foot, falling head foremost on the edge of an upright barrel on the lower floor and cutting his head so his skull bone could be seen, and leaving a pool of blood on the floor. A few stitches brought the gash together. Next he fell from a mulberry tree, and was not much hurt. At another time he had his hand burned in the flax fiasco previously related.

While yet a boy he stepped upon a rusty nail and took cold in his foot and lay abed quite awhile. Then in 1853, he again stepped upon a rusty nail, causing quite a painful wound. In 1847 he was accidentally shot in the hand with an iron pointed arrow from a cross-bow. In 1853 a piece of timber flew out from a twining lathe, striking him on the mouth and breaking a front tooth out.

In the late fifties, he was experimenting with an empty two gallon tin can, from which alcohol had just been emptied. By holding a match above it, the alcohol adhering to the gummy inside of the can would catch and burn; then he held a match over it, and lowered it slowly to see how far away it would catch, not thinking of the fact that sitting on the stove hearth it had become hot. A mass of flame shot up to the ceiling, burning his face, locks, mustache, eyebrows and eyelashes off. He rubbed his face all over with flour. Wasn't he a pretty looking

aspect? His wife was across the street and when she came in she cried: "Moral—Don't monkey with a hot alcohol can."

In 1898 he melted a lot of scraps of solder in a ladle on the cook stove, and the solder inadvertently contained a cartridge. He was bending over it after the solder melted when the cartridge let go, scattering the solder all over the room, his spectacles saving his eyes. He was knocked down and run over by a buggy at two different times here, and was struck by a street car in Indianapolis, and by an interurban car here without being hurt. Also, at one time, returning from the city, he was sitting on goods piled above the top of the wagon bed, when the wheels struck an obstacle as they were coming down hill and he was thrown forward to the ground without being hurt and not even letting go his hold on a bottle of Damar Varnish.

Later than this he came so near being run over by a freight engine at our Monon Station, that before he jumped from the track the cow catcher almost struck him. The engineer reversed the engine, and Thomas E. Carey shouted, "Look out!" either of which not having been done, he would have been struck. But when a small boy he climbed to the top of the ladder serving for the stairway in the log cabin and fell through, breaking an arm—but it was the arm of his mother's flax spinning wheel!

Along about the seventies, Nancy J. West, wife

of Thomas West, was fatally burned by her clothing getting afire in some manner. She lingered awhile before dying.

About 1844, a boy on the farm now owned by Jonathan Johnson, was chopping the top of a stump when the ax glancing struck his nephew, William Clampitt, cutting a gash in his cheek, next to his mouth.

In 1853, Albert K. Warren, then about three years old, in some manner broke his left arm, and before it got entirely well, fell from a log breaking it over again. Then about 1868, when fifteen years old, he was thrown from a colt, breaking his other arm and gangrene setting in, it turned black and his physician said he would not live over forty-eight hours, but he is living yet. His arm rotted off at his shoulder joint, where there was for awhile but a little ligament connecting it with his body, which they cut off, freeing him from the arm. The mortification got to his shoulder blade, which protruded so the doctor had to saw a piece of it off in order for the place to heal, which it finally did, leaving him with but his left arm, and it not quite straight, having been twice broken. When well, he paid attention to his education, becoming a good pensman, and later graduating at Purdue University, after which his parents removed to Zionsville, and he was elected surveyor of Boone County two terms.

After this he went to California, where he was

employed as surveyor for a large land irrigating company at a good salary and later was promoted to office work. He is now married and has an interesting family, and is in good circumstances financially.

During the time when a blacksmith shop stood on the Nicholas Quick residence lot, a man wanting a piece of gas pipe bent to a curve, tamped it full of as dry dirt as he could get, driving wooden plugs in the ends, sent it to that shop for the smith to heat and bend, and sending a boy after it, he came back reporting that it shot! There being moisture enough to generate steam, it bursted the pipe, and the shop was filled with dust. Nobody was hurt, but the smith's face turned a little pale.

Elwood Rayl, west of Carmel, had a hand torn off or mashed, by a sorghum mill, so that it had to be amputated, perhaps in the nineties.

About 1866, Thomas Hamar met his death near Pleasant Grove, being caught between his wagon and a tree.

Perhaps at a later date than the above, Jesse Newby, son of Jacob Newby, was killed by a saw log rolling over him in the "big woods" north of Carmel.

Sometime in the sixties, Dr. L. S. Campbell was kicked by his horse, while out on the road, so badly that he lay in bed for some time.

In the sixties or seventies, Kearney Cotton, a colored man, while down in a well on the farm of Henry Harold, had a kettle of dirt drop down striking him on the head, but his skull bone was too thick to be crushed.

Perhaps in the seventies or eighties William Huffman was badly hurt by being run over by a reaper, making some cuts.

In 1910 Gilbert Gray, while sojourning in the West, was kicked by a gun, breaking his collar bone.

In the early seventies William Hamar, son of James Hamar, living near Pleasant Grove, accidentally shot himself fatally. He was rabbit hunting and in climbing a rail fence let the hammer of his shot gun strike a rail.

Coral E. Campbell, son of Thomas H. Campbell, was killed in the "big woods" north of Carmel, about 1883 or 1884. In cutting a tree, a limb fell striking his head, though I believe he lingered a few days.

At John E. Buck's saw mill, while running here, Hiram Minting was crippled by being crowded by a saw log.

A few years ago, Albert Moffitt, a farmer in the southeast settlement, met his death by being thrown from his wagon.

Jacob C. Green having felled a poplar tree near old town run, southwest, and holding the ax on his arm, a limb broken from another tree fell striking the ax handle, throwing the ax against his leg and cutting quite a gash.

In the seventies Daniel Warren, Jr., was kicked by a horse and rendered unconscious for awhile.

Sometime during the war, Sylvanus Carey had a leg broken by a saw log rolling from the wagon when about two miles south of Carmel.

At an early date a boy in the settlement west pinched the pith out of a piece of green alder and had his face over it while pouring it full of melted lead; it shot and he was badly burned.

In April, 1910, Nelson Wise had his hand hurt by some kind of machinery.

October 15, 1910, Mr. Ihndris was kicked by a colt at the time of our horse show.

On the 17th of March, 1910, the two following accidents occurred: Fred Brown had two fingers torn off while adjusting a seed sower and Artie Myers had a hand mangled while helping to manipulate a cross cut saw.

In January, 1910, Bert Parsley, living on one of the Kinzer farms, was severely kicked by a horse, which knocked him a distance of some feet.

In the early part of 1911 John Binford had both ankles hurt by the falling of a scaffold on which he stood.

Mr. George St. Clair, living on the Daniel Warren fruit farm, had a leg broken in 1910, when a cherry log, which was sawed off, rolled upon it.

Lightning Strokes in Carmel

Sometime in the seventies the log residence of Jacob Newby, on the north side of West Main Cross Street, east of the William Peele residence, was struck by a strong charge of lightning during a very hard rain. The lightning entered a south window up stairs, going north and downward to the cook stove in the kitchen, where Mr. Newby's son, Job, was sitting, striking him and tearing off a shoe and sock, and leaving the latter fast, cramped in the crack of a board of the hard ash flooring which it made in going through the floor to the ground. The boy recovered.

Lightning struck our present High School Building not long after its completion, but did not do very much damage.

A few years ago the front part of the hardware building of Newlin & Thomas, now occupied by O. W. Nutt, was struck twice in the same place; thus disproving the saying that "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

About 1905 lightning came down a tall shade tree at the residence of the writer, on lot ten, West Main Cross Street, a part leaping to a nearby kitchen stove flue, ran down the pipe to the stove and away to the ground, down the gas pipe. It was a terrific charge, and sounded like a magazine of dynamite had exploded. The main part of it went to the lightning rod, directly under which myself and wife were; the

latter being upstairs and near the rod, and neither one felt any effect. This shows the efficiency of lightning rods, if properly put up, and connected with the moist ground. The fact that a heavy charge passed over the rod was evidenced by some shingles being torn off where it made a bend to reach another roof. The stove pipe was bursted, and an odor like burnt powder pervaded the room. The rod was too far away to carry away the whole charge which came down the tree.

Great Wreck and Other Railroad Accidents

On the morning of January 27th, 1890, at 7:50 o'clock occurred the great wreck on the Monon, at the trestle bridge over the Wilkinson Run, about a half mile north of Carmel. The bridge has since been replaced by a fill. The train consisted of the engine and tender, combination baggage and smoking car, two coaches and a Pullman sleeper and was in charge of Abel C. Angle, conductor, and Thomas Kline, engineer, and was running south bound at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The ground being frozen and the rails on the convex side of the curve needing raising, it was done by "shimes" being placed under them.

A rail was turned over on that side of the track, derailing some part of the train, which by its momentum carried it over the ties on the trestle work,

tearing up the track, and breaking down the trestle. The sleeper turned over, and slid down the grade just at the bridge, grinding a rabbit to pieces. The two coaches were precipitated, the ladies' coach into the run on the east side and almost totally destroyed by fire from the stove; the other on the west side.

The baggage car turned over a little further south on the west side. The engine kept the track and passed on further south than the baggage car, carrying the tender, which turned on its side, wrenching the two near wheels of the engine off the track and it stopped. The dead were Mrs. Nettie Eubanks, of Broad Ripple, age 36 years; Charles O. Deming, age 55 years, of Frankfort, Ind., who lingered awhile here at John A. Haines'; Miss Mary E. Hoover, age 24 years, of Horton, Ind.; Miss Hattie Hensley, age 20 years, of Cyclone, Ind.; Madge and Lola Oldham, ages 8 and 6 years, of Sheridan, Ind. The mother of these children was pretty badly hurt, and several other persons to some extent.

When the Monon Railroad Company had finished laying its rails through Carmel in 1882, a party of our citizens, Dr. McShane, Elwood E. Hains, William W. Warren and some others had taken a small car used for moving rails in track laying, north of the "big cut," and were on it running back this way on the down grade, it struck a spike someone had driven between rails at a joint, after the car had passed up. The car, upon striking the spike, commenced turning

over forward throwing some of them out who had presence of mind enough to catch and prevent it from deadfalling the whole party.

Soon after the Monon trains commenced running, William Hutton, in driving across the track at the Main Cross Street crossing, with his one horse wagon, was thrown from his wagon, which was struck by a fast train and knocked to pieces and scattered along the track north. His horse being freed ran on and Mr. Hutton not being hurt very much recovered in a few weeks.

Not long after the above incident John Kemp was struck by an engine or car, near our Monon station, but was not much hurt.

Later Henry Metsker, engineer on a freight engine, was killed a few miles south, by his engine being derailed by striking a bull on the track. After this, happened the near accident at the Monon station described on a previous page.

On the night of January 30th 1899; Harry Morford's buggy was struck by a fast southbound train, at the Monon crossing on West Main Cross Street, and torn to pieces, his horse killed, and himself left unconscious, his legs being frozen when he was found next morning. He was taken to J. W. Morrow's and died that evening.

At a date not long after the Monon trains commenced running, a freight running too fast, left the rails just south of where the "great wreck" occurred, but no one was hurt.

On the night of February 15th, 1906, where the interurban track crosses the road near the cemetery, north of Carmel, Frank Cook a former citizen, and another man attempted to cross the track in a covered hack, not seeing and perhaps not hearing the car which demolished their wagon, killing them both, and I think their team also.

The next accident was at West Main Cross Street crossing of the Monon, the same place where that of Hutton and Morford occurred. It was that of our citizen, Henry W. Henley, and wife, on the morning of March 2nd, 1906. They had started in a buggy to visit some of their children in the Poplar Ridge settlement, and when crossing the track, a Monon fast train, I think south bound, struck their buggy, killing them both and destroying the buggy, but I believe the horse escaped. They had anticipated seeing their children, but alas! Who knows his fate? Whether he shall meet his death by railroad accident, disease, or be stricken down by the flash of heaven!

In 1907 a citizen of Carmel was walking southward on the east side of the interurban right of way, north of O. W. Nutt's hardware store, intending to cross the track, but just before, and coming to a catch basin of the sewer and getting down to see if water was running in it, forgot the danger of cars and suddenly started to cross the track just in front of a north bound car, and was knocked heels over head on a pile of lumber rubbish. The car stopped, the motorman and conductor came out, the latter with memorandum book and pencil, and he was told by the

victim to go along, that he was not hurt and would make no claim against the Company. He never found out where the car stuck him.

In June 1908, William E. Venable, of Carmel, an employe of the I. U. Traction Company, fell from the top of a car, severely injuring his back, and being otherwise bruised up by the breaking of a trolley he had hold of. He claimed the trolley was weakened by being already cracked where it broke off. I believe this occurred at Tipton.

On October 26th, 1910, an unknown man was struck by an interurban car near the cemetery, and bruised up some. On March 17th, 1910, Frank Rutherford, of Carmel, was struck by an interurban car breaking both legs. Sometime in the nineties a Monon locomotive turned over on its side on the switch opposite the William Peele residence. There were no fatalities.

The Great Natural Gas Explosion

The natural gas explosion in the Bond Block in Carmel happened March 31st, 1904. There were three adjoining buildings, and the furthest west had just been fixed up for a barber shop for the Mann boys and their stove plumbed for gas. It was not known that a connected pipe extending under the middle building to where a stove had set in the work part of Mr. Bond's furniture shop had been left open at that point. The escaping gas had filled the under floor

spaces of all three buildings and the rooms to some extent, when Mr. Mann struck a match to light the gas in his stove, let off the whole explosion, throwing shattered glass from all three buildings on the sidewalk and to the middle of the street, and his face was cut by flying pieces.

Mr. Bond in the adjoining and middle room was thrown up against the ceiling, one of his legs broken and he otherwise bruised up. In this same room a chair was thrown up against the ceiling with such force that one of the rounds penetrated a ceiling board and was left sticking there.

The third and east room was the grocery store of Alpheus Farlow. The stove was knocked down, upsetting the fire upon the floor, but it was extinguished. It was in this room that Miss Bessie Wickersham, lady clerk, not much hurt, was dragged out through a window. The explosion made quite a mix-up in this room, the floor was torn up and on the ground were onion sets, cranberries, etc., in confusion, and broken glassware and dishes. The stuff was removed, the floor relaid and the other goods straightened up. Mr. Farlow remained in this room for some time, till removing to the room of the Masonic Building, after which he died, and his stock was purchased by the Thomas boys.

The whole three buildings of the Bond Block were condemned by the Town Board, and it, along with the ground, was sold to Allen Myers, who tore down two

of the worst damaged, but the third is still standing at this writing. The next building east is the present Post Office, and the force of the explosion blew the glass from a window of it into the room, and threw down and smashed an oil lamp, which might have caused a conflagration had it been after night and burning.

First Locomotive

The rails on the Monon were laid through Carmel and the first engine and cars passed through on the 21st of September, 1882, laying track.

The first electric car on the I. U. T. Company's line passed through Carmel about six o'clock in the evening of October 30, 1903.

First Natural Gas Well

Gas was struck eight feet in Trenton Rock, in the first well, which was east of the Follett Flouring Mill, February 16th, 1888. Here the limestone lay 96 feet from the surface. The second well, on the William Kinzer farm a little east of Mrs. Rosanna Phelps' residence, was drilled into gas November 12th, 1888. The depth to limestone rock was 124 feet, and through both limestone and shale 830 feet, and into Trenton Rock 29 feet, making the whole total depth 983 feet, striking salt water. This well was not very good.

In the third well gas was struck January 31st, 1891, through limestone and shale 797 feet, Trenton Rock 10 feet, total depth 807 feet, and was a fairly good well. Since the above three, very many in diverse places have been drilled.

Justices of the Peace

The justices from first to present, as memory serves, were Esquire Wheeler, Samuel Campbell, Thomas Harvey, John West, of Carmel, Nelson Power, Isaac Wright, Isaac W. Stanton, the latter two in Carmel, T. J. Applegate, Jonah Fertig, Pleasant Nance, David W. Patty, Levi J. Small, Allison Ballard, Riley Craven, the latter four in Carmel, and John R. Collins, of Poplar Ridge.

The Soldiers

Following the bombardment of Fort Sumpter and when the brave and patriotic boys of this brave land offered themselves upon their country's altar to uphold the "Star Spangled Banner" and flag of the free faster than they could be armed, this vicinity sent a goodly number, and Carmel was not a whit behind in patriotism and sacrifice, being represented by D. W. Patty, Isaac W. Stanton, John F. Nutt, Jasper Harris, Isaac N. Beeson, Sr., Thomas W. Patty, William Pike, William J. Hawkins, Henry H. Harvey, Frank A. Hawkins, David M. Connell, Shubel Hedgecock, Patrick Perkins, Clark Sheets, James Miller, Jack Crews, Elam Crews, Joseph Crews, George Crews, John W. Rayl, Jr., William P. Rayl, Elam L. Roberts, Asbury Anderson, Isaac Booth, Joseph Lloyd, Samuel Carey, James M. Hanes, William Langston, Joseph Keene, Samuel McQuarter, Henry Humes, Hamilton Bowers, Trav. Bowers and Enos Haines.

While in service D. W. Patty and J. W. Nutt of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry were taken prisoners and incarcerated in grim Andersonville, all of whose horrors have not yet been told, among which was the "dead line," thirst, starvation, disease and other cruelties; but with their inherited hardihood they survived it, and after coming home Mr. Patty was elected Sheriff of Hamilton County and Mr. Nutt was later appointed postmaster.

Thomas W. Patty had one leg shot off by a cannon ball or shell at Missionary Ridge, but survived. Frank A. Hawkins was thought to be mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg and lay all night on the ground near a little stream. It rained and he came near drowning but survived, and was elected Clerk of the Court of Hamilton County, Ind.

William Pike was killed in the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas. David M. Connell was shot by the enemy while in detail service.

The following soldiers were from this vicinity: Frank Hall, Wallace Hall, John Hall, J. W. Nutt, Josiah S. Nutt, Sylvester Jessup, William Hunt, George Ellis, W. Frank McShane, Howell T. Eskew, William Harold, Sr., William H. Thomas, Isaac J. Bales, Gilbert Gray, David Stewart, Allen F. Harold, Henry Harvey, Sr., Seth J. Green, Eli Green, Jacob C. Green, Isaac J. Green, Joseph Julian, Nathan Stanley, John Hussey, Alex. Gray, Frank Hinshaw, Samuel Wilson, Zadok Carey, Jonathan Carey, Henry

Hinshaw, James Farley, Thomas Farley, Lewis Farley, George West, Jr., Henry Michener, Samuel Michener, Hiram Rooker, James Richardson, Henry Richardson, Kin. Rooker, Dr. J. I. Rooker, Perry Rooker, J. A. Wise, William Wise and Pulaski Eller.

Of the above, Sylvester Jessup was disemboweled in some battle; William Hunt was wounded, and Seth J. Green scalded in the Sultana disaster.

Noted Persons

Besides the Andersonville prisoners mentioned above, Carmel has another soldier, Seth J. Green, who served a time in a confederate prison in Alabama, and who was homeward bound on the ill fated steamer, Sultana, at the time of the explosion. He was thrown into the water with one side of his neck badly scalded. Being a good swimmer, he swam till he came to a swinging branch of a bush, to which he held till morning, when he was picked up by a rescue boat.

Carmel has another citizen, seventy-nine years old, who has never eaten an oyster, nor tasted a bit of ice-cream, and who has not drank or used any milk or cream, or eaten any butter, cheese, beef, veal or mutton for sixty-nine years, and is yet carrying a pocket knife without losing for forty-seven years and is still using the excellent razor, which he bought sixty years ago, but which has since been hollow-ground.

Carmel has been given as the home of three men who have been mentioned as "Who's Who" in America: Frank Booth, Dr. Frank Brown and Dr. Elwood C. Perisho.

Newspapers

Our first newspaper, "The Carmel Signal," was first issued October 13th, 1889, by L. J. Patty and L. J. Small, but after a time Mr. Patty dropped out and it was edited and published by L. J. Small, and later by Ed E. Small, Vern Patty, George Bowen and Hal Small, each had charge of it, but the day of discontinuance arrived August 10th, 1893.

After this another was published for a short time by "Shorty" from Tipton I think called "The Carmel Register." Later commenced the "Carmel Star" by Verne Patty, and now we have the "Carmel Standard," published by Roberts and Patty, which, let us hope, may be long continued.

School Teachers

This list from memory will not include all. The first by remembrance was Thomas Charles, then Jonathan Evans, Cyrus Cook, Charles Lane, the latter about 1838, George Davis, Thomas Symons two terms about 1843-4, Miss Anna Melissa Burnside two terms about 1844-5, James G. Small two terms, Silas Draper about 1847, Nathan H. Mills two terms about 1850, Isaac W. Harold, Calvin W. Cook, Benjamin Albert-

son, Zenas Carey, William W. Chappell, Isaac Cox, Miss Rebecca Trueblood, Cyrus N. Hunt, Nathan R. Morrow, Elbert Harold, Miss Sallie Clark, John F. Haines, Irvin Stanley, David M. Wells and George W. Scott. The above list runs but a little past the latter days of the old Carmel Academy, which has been torn down.

Physicians

Below is a list of the physicians of Bethlehem, now Carmel, from remembrance—some have been forgotten. Early there were women who knew of many remedies and preserved many kinds of herbs, two principal ones being Mrs. Charlotte Phelps and Mrs. Judith Cook. Then Jonathan Carey was a doctor to some extent, and also Nathan Harold.

In case of bad cuts Nathan Hawkins would be sent for to glue up the wound. Later we had Joseph Bond, a steam doctor.

A few regular physicians came and went, whose names are not remembered. Then Dr. Woodyard located. Perhaps the next were the two Vickrys, one of which later was a banker at Tipton. Then Dr. Hamilton located, after whom were Drs. L. S. Campbell, S. C. Dove, J. S. Losey, J. T. McShane, Daniel Carey, a younger Dr. Carey, Dr. Hunt, Jas. I. Rooker, C. W. Cook, Dr. Sutphen, George Kane, Dr. Baker, Wm. Cain, Zenas Carey, Milton Carey, Dr. Woodard, Dr. Abernathy, N. G. Harold, Dr. James,

Dr. Leavens, C. W. Mendenhall, Dr. Royer, K. C. Hershey in 1892, F. C. Hershey in 1894, and Dr. Cooper in 1910.

Ministers

I will give a list of the ministers of the M. E. church as near as memory serves.

The first was Rev. Kitchen, then the Revs. Thomas Colclazer in 1855, Eli Ramel, Wm. Anderson, J. S. McCarty, Piper, McMahin, Bowers in the sixties, Harrison, Redding, George Havens, Martin, Oden, Cain, Parr, F. A. Fish, Reed, Howard, E. A. McClintock, Holdstock, A. E. Sarah, Hornaday, Richey, C. W. Wilkinson, and M. L. Fancher the present minister,

The first minister of the Friends Church was Samuel Stafford, and the first recorded minister was Asaph Hiatt in 1849, and since, Elizabeth Reynolds, Isaac Roberts, Amos Kenworthy, Miss Miers, Mrs. Sallie King and Mr. McFarland, have officiated down to the present one, the Rev. Willis Bond.

The Wesleyans have a church here, but I believe do not have a minister stationed here.

Industries

In addition to the Tanyard, and pork packing business heretofore described, Thomas Lightfoot was our gunsmith and later Gideon Newby.

Wool and flax spinning wheels, and reels were

staple articles in the early days, and about 1843 William S. Warren opened up a shop for their manufacture, on the southwest corner of Main and North Streets, but soon after 1849 they went into decline, and he drifted into other business.

Cabinet Shops

The first cabinet work was done by George Davis some by Thomas Mills, then Wm. S. Warren, Calvin Bond, Z. Warren, Nutt brothers, and J. M. Nutt. About 1840 Thomas Hazel made furniture in the country east.

Wagon Woodwork

The wagon woodwork men were Mahlon Haines, the Patty and Kane boys, Henry Harvey, Sr., and later the Hornbakers, Mr. Klice and others.

About 1853 Simeon Hawkins carried on a regular carriage and wagon shop near where Mahlon Day's residence stands and about 1855 removed the shop to about where the Friends Church now stands. Later it was used by Carey and Roberts for their grist mill, then by Carey and Dixon for the same, after which it was torn down or moved away to make room for the church. About 1863 Wm. H. Hedgecock carried on a regular carriage and wagon shop in the building at the southwest corner of Main and Main Cross Streets, doing his own ironing in a shop on the same lot.

The Tile Factory

About 1857 Simeon Hawkins operated a tile factory in the building of the present Jeffries' livery barn, which has since been conducted by various other parties for several years.

Shingle Factory

A shingle factory for making cut shingles was operated in the Elliot settlement by Mr. Howell Thomas from about 1854 to 1861, doing much business.

Tinners

In the forties, Stephen Macy made tinware in the Poplar Ridge settlement, but the first tin shop in Carmel was opened up in the Small building on East Main Cross Street by Mr. Alonzo Owen after the war and later William F. Hiatt and Larkin Hines did tin work. Now the Hawkins Construction Company does building, tin and galvanized iron work.

Carpentry, Etc.

Our first carpenters were Thomas Mills, John West and Joseph W. Macy. Of late various persons have been engaged in cement block manufacturing.

The canning factory was established here in 1909. Wm. S. Warren was the first house painter and paper hanger in the village.

Blacksmiths

The first blacksmith in the vicinity was Barnaby Newby, one-half mile west, and the second that of John Hunt about that far east.

The first shop in town was that of Franklin Hunt, assisted by Martin Phelps. When all was ready for work, Mr. Hunt said: "Now, let's make a Jew's harp so we can say that was the first thing made on an anvil in Bethlehem," and they made it. The next smith was Moses Puckett on the John W. Rayl residence lot in 1844; then there were Enos Haines, Joseph P. Cook with a fine shop on the Small Drug Store lot, and afterward used for a cooper shop by James Stanton.

Then the next smith was Richard George, followed by Joseph Helcher about 1856, John Patty Sr., Isaac W. Patty, Joab Parsley, Isaac Roberts 1863, Isaac Booth, David M. Connel, Samuel Vare, John A. Haines, David Stewart, Albert A. Haines, Enoch Roberts, Eli Binford, William M. Harold, Mahlon Cook, Wilford Maple, Sewell Green, Joseph Hornbaker, John Jeffries' different smiths, Wm. D. Stone, Mr. Ziliox, B. F. Akers, Mr. Robbins, down to the present ones.

Amongst the staple articles smiths made were pot trammels, cranes, S hooks, pot hooks, shovels and tongs, dog irons, cow bells, log chains, mattocks, grub and planter's hoes. A mattock was not very easy to make and one of the first smiths was hammering an odd shaped piece of iron, when a neighbor

asked what he was making, he said, "I am trying to make a mattock, but when I get it done maybe it will be a dog iron."

The smiths in early times made horse shoes and nails from whatever iron they happened to have, old wagon tire or flat bar of any kind, "drawing it out." They made their own coal, charcoal, burning big coal kilns right in the street.

Shoe Makers

About our first shoemaker was George Gibson in his log cabin residence a little west of John Jeffries' residence. Then Jesse George, John W. Crews, Benjamin Harold, the latter working in the country, Warren Brooks, John Swaim, John Florer, M. L. Long, Harry Bartholomew, Wm. F. Hiatt, Mr. Gunkel, Larkin Hines, S. A. Marlmees, down to J. C. Cross.

Harness

Joseph Wilson was perhaps our first harness maker, and later I. W. Stanton, Frank Wright, Henry L. George, Alfred W. Comer, B. F. Watkins, Riley Craven, R. L. George, down to Al Cross.

Window Sash

Our first sash maker was Asaph Hiatt in the country north. Later, here in the town, were Eli Small, Sr., and Josiah Hiatt.

Tailoring

William Frost was our tailor in the forties, and later turned dentist. A Mr. Patterson tailored here awhile.

Cooperage

Jacob Green, Sr., and sons, Joseph and John, and Nathan Hawkins were first coopers, but after them Thomas Mills, James Stanton and Timothy Smith made barrels, tubs, etc.

Burglaries

The cases of burglary of business houses into which entrance was gained were six, one being the store of Elijah King in which case considerable goods were taken, and some of which were afterwards found in corn shocks and other places. J. E. King's store was entered after this, when some clothing, and change left in the money drawers of the store, and that of the Post Office, which was in the same building, were taken.

L. J. Small's drug store was entered and a considerable lot of jewelry taken. The store of D. W. Kinzer was entered by burglars but they were scared off without booty I believe. The Citizen's Bank was entered but they failed to get into the safe. W. A. Puckett's Grocery Store was burglarized a few years ago, but not much taken.

Then there were two cases of attempted burglary in which they were not successful in entering, one of the drug store, the other of the store of Z. Warren.

Birds of Early Times

I now wish to forgive the black birds for taking up the corn, and any other incidents previously referred to, including the episode from the tree top.

In early times birds were much more numerous than now, and upon entering the leafy shaded woods in the spring or summer, one would be charmed by their songs. There was one species which repeated at intervals a musical and long drawn out phrase which seemed to be E-phraim cit-it-it-te, emphasizing the first E.

Then as Mr. Woollen says, "The flicker with his flick-ah, flick-ah;" the goldfinch with "per-chic-o-vee, per-chic-o-vee, per-di-ta, per-di-ta, 'sweet, sweet;" the oriole with what seems to say, "come to me, dearie; come to me, dearie" were heard in the wildwood. Mr. Woollen notes a case in which the male was singing his song, and soon after, his dearie, the female bird, came.

The woodpecker says, "Bruce, Bruce," but the quail says it's "Bob White, Bob White."

A little girl, disconsolate because her big sister Susan, whom she called "Tu-ie" had removed, told her mother the little birds say "Tu-ie, Tu-ie."

Observe the little tom tit, the beautiful red bird, and the humming bird, the latter moving its wings with such inconceivable velocity. There is one species of birds we might call lazy. It is the cow bird, which lays its eggs in the nest of some other species, thus avoiding the tedium of sitting upon them. Isn't it sharp!

There are many common things upon which we do not properly reflect, birds not being an exception.

Birds of migration return north in flocks of all males first and then separate, distributing themselves so that only one or two are left in a locality and sing their songs of praise, awaiting the arrival of the females, when they mate and build their nests. In this instinct of distribution we see the design of an Almighty Hand.

Observe the robin which likes to build its nest near human habitations, see how securely it cements its nest to the foundation as a security against storms and how like those of others the inside of its nest is as true a circle as if scribed by a human architect. Ask a little bird how he makes them so round and true and he will not tell you, but if he could talk he could say, "I sit down in it, and move round and round, truing and smoothing it with my breast." "O, little bird, little bird, who taught thee this?"

The robin sings his plaintiff song before going to roost, then selects a limb and putting his head under his wing trusts to his Creator for safety till the morn, when he again sings his ditty of praise.

Solomon says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise," and we might say, "Go to the little robin and learn to be worshipful."

O, little birds, who put these songs in your mouths, and O, little boys, how can you bear to kill or rob the nests of these innocent and happy little songsters?

A boy throws a stone and kills a little warbler, which was created by an Almighty Hand, and it falls to the ground, never having committed any sin, or done the boy any harm in its life, and has taken its last flight, and sang its last song and its fall, with the identity of its slayer, will be noted. There it lies limpid, and all the talent and philosophy of all the doctors and scientific men of the world, with command of the wealth of a thousand Rockefellers or Pierpont Morgans, could not put the life back into this little bird.

In this connection I will relate the story of a little boy and a bird, which happened very many years ago. An American Missionary to Ceylon by the name of Winslow had a son, little Charles L. Winslow, who while there in that sunny land, the home of the cinnamon and palm, took a great liking to the native birds at their home, and after returning to America, he took sick and died. While lying a corpse a strange bird came and lingered near looking so like the native birds of their tropical home that great notice was taken of the circumstance, and a

poet wrote some beautiful and pathetic lines in regard to it, the heading and first four lines being all in remembrance. They were:

CHARLES L. WINSLOW

A bird came o'er the ocean,
From the far off tropic isles,
Where fanned by the palm tree's motion,
Perennial summer smiles.

Little boys and girls, feed the little birds which frequent your homes.

Apostrophe to Early Days

Before giving a list of the dead of Bethlehem-Carmel, and another of the old pioneers of the vicinity, to close this history, I wish by way of illustration of earlier times, to revert to the interesting days of youth, the morning of life, when all around seemed so beautiful and fresh, and when in the wild-wood hunting ginseng, the wild bees sucking honey from wild rose flowers, the numerous birds were full of songs, the owl would hoot, the pheasant beat, and perchance a deer rudely disturbed would jump up from its resting place and run for life, flopping its tail at such a lively rate,—and then the sugar camp! This is not an allegorical representation, but is a true picture, yet maybe distance lends a little enchantment to the view; but oh, the memory of the long ago, when so often, with George Harvey and Bennett and “Ecce,” going swimming in, or piscicapturing along the banks of Cold Creek.

The Dead of Carmel

Below is a list of the dead of Bethlehem-Carmel who have gone the dolorous way, though not in proper rotation and without date till July, 1890:

Mrs. Miriam Phelps	Miss Asenith Harvey
John Phelps, Sr.	Two children of I. W. Stanton
John Phelps, Jr.	John W. Crews' father
Andrew L. Warren	Miss Emma Carey
Hoover Warren	Joe Lloyd, Jr.
Caleb Harvey	Elijah King
Miss Jennie Harvey	Miss Birdie Wilkinson
Clinton Harvey	Child of Wm. Wilkinson, Jr.
John W. Crew's wife	D. W. Kinzer's child
Miss Mary Crews	Miss Eliza Oliphant
Josiah E. King	Miss Lennie Carey
Mrs. Harriet King	Isaac Robert's boy
J. E. King's three children	Levi Carey
Martin Phelps	Herchell Carey
John Peele	Levi Carey's child
Jesse Carey	Charlie Harvey
Three children of Martin Phelps	Isaac J. Bales' child
Stranger at Abner Atkinson's	John F. Nutt's three children
Josiah S. Nutt	Isaac W. Patty's child
Mrs. Nancy Nutt	Mrs. Diana West
I. N. Beeson's wife	Isaac W. Harold's child
Dr. Dove's first wife	James Stanley
J. E. Strattan	Miss Mary Ann Newby
William Wilkinson, Jr.	Harvey L. Davis' wife
Miss Rosa Wilkinson	Mrs. Ella Comer
Mrs. Logan	Jesse Newby
Little girl at Jesse Small's	Thomas E. Carey's first wife
William J. Hawkin's child	Eli Binford's child
William A. Puckett's child	Elam Robert's child
David M. Connel's child	Ben Ball's wife

Mr. Richardson's child	William Hedgecock's child
Mrs. Nancy Sharp	Timothy Smith's child
Cal. Smith's wife	Dr. Daniel Carey
Mrs. Rachel Newby	Z. Warren's three children
Miss Lizzie S. Harold	Mrs. Mollie Small
D. Frank Lee	Dr. J. T. McShane's child
Wm. M. Harold's two children	Rowland Green
Mrs. Ida Dixon	Dr. L. S. Campbell's child
Mrs. Eliza Small	Henry Roberts, Sr.
Wm. P. Dixon's three children	Dr. George Kane
Allen Moon's boy	Joseph Randall, Jr.'s wife
Mrs. Addie Harvey	David Stewart's two children
Mrs. Nancy J. West	William Blanchard, Sr.
Andrew Harold	Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard
D. W. Patty's child	William Barker's child
Dr. D. Carey's little girl	Luther Beeson's wife
Miss Saide Carey	Miss Libbie Carey
Rev. J. S. McCarty's child	James Cole, Sr.
Charlie Long	Enoch Robert's child
Mrs. John Patty, Sr.	David Swaim's wife
Frank H. King's three children	Coral E. Campbell
Eli Small, Sr.	Harry Gray's child
Frank Gallagher's child	John Barker
John Bown	William Pike
Nathan Hawkins	J. Hill Davis' child
David Swaim's child	Henry Pierce's little girl
Levi A. Haines' child	Mrs. Mary Hockett
David M. Connel	Hannah Moffitt, Sr.

1886

April —John F. Kemp's child
June —Lora Davis
June —Val. Davis' child
Aug. 26—Richard Rich

1887

—John Riley's child
March 7—Mrs. Ellen Riley
April —Mrs. Sallie Ann Oliphant
May —Mr. Toole's child
May —Isaac W. Harold
Oct. 27—Verne Davis

1888

July —Henry Apple's wife
Sept. —Moses Sander's wife
—Simeon Hawkins
—Rebecca Hawkins

1889

Mch. 29—Ira Haines' child
—Mrs. Jemima Small
Mch. 30—John Wilson's wife
May —Mrs. Rachel Harold
August —Mrs. Sue Haines
August —Cyrus Jeffries' child
Nov. 11—Emmanuel Harold, Sr.

1890

Jan. 27—Charles O. Deming
April 19—William Frost
July —Isaac Carson
Aug. 20—Henry Lyons' child
Nov. 8—John Moon
—Chloe Harold

1891

July 2—Lillie Bales
July —Zella Comer's child
July 24—Alfred T. Jessup
Oct. 13—Pinkney Gray's wife

1892

- Mch. 14—Miss Sallie Stewart
Mch. 25—Henry Apple's boy
—Mary Jane Bond
Aug. —Ira J. Kinzer
Sept. 4—William Collins
Sept. 17—Isaac Bond
—Oscar Johnson's child
—Henry Allee

1893

- April 16—Mrs. Julia Hutton
—Mack Smith's child
May 4—Isaac W. Stanton
May 24—Mrs. Hattie Hawkins

1894

- Feb. 18—Lindley H. Stanley
July 2—Glenn Comer
Oct. 9—Alfred W. Rayl's child
Oct. 29—Moover's child
Nov. 1—Rod. Wells' little girl

1895

- Feb. 16—William M. Harold
Mch. 27—Edgar Farlow
Aug. 27—Arthur Cox
Sept. 5—Frank Ballard's child
Nov. 5—Elwood E. Haines
Dec. 24—William Noblet's child

1896

- Jan. 1—Mrs. Isom Wickersham
Jan. 17—Charles Frost
July 17—Fred Stewart
Aug. 1—Mrs. Jane Bristow
—Mrs. Joseph Smith
Aug. 29—Rollin Bond
Sept. 21—Miss Lydia Patty
Oct. 8—Mrs. Hannah Carey

1897

- Mch. 13—Harry Hiatt
April 19—L. J. Patty's child
Sept. 3—Lewis Brokaw
Oct. 12—J. E. Johnson, stone mason

1898

- Feb. 3—Henry Lyon's child
Mar. 30—Elizabeth Reynolds
May 18—Daniel Haworth
May 20—W. Martin Lanham
Aug. 24—Wilford Maple
Nov. 19—Miss Ferrie White
—Harry Craft's child
Nov. 20—Miss Glennie Stanley
Dec. 19—Robert Follet's child
Dec. 31—N. W. Lamb's little girl

1899

- Jan. 19—Dr. Milton Carey's boy
Jan. 25—Ed. Morrow's child
Mar. 17—Isaac Roberts
April 17—Mrs. John Middleton
May 16—Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Stanton
Sept. 12—Elihu Jeffries' child
Sept. 12—Daniel Hiatt's child
Oct. 24—Mahlon Haines

1900

- John Hummer
Feb. 17—Mrs. Eliza Maple
—Mrs. ——— Roberts
Mar. 29—John Phelps
June 8—T. J. Johnson
June 8—William Frank Carey
July 28—Miss Jennie Willey
Aug. 20—Mrs. Cora Newlin
Oct. 25—Mrs. William Brunson

1901

- Jan. 28—Miss Hannah Moffitt
Feb. —Cyrus Jeffries' child
Nov. 26—Mrs. Martha Allee

1902

- Mar. 18—William Pryor
Aug. 6—Clarence White
Dec. 15—Mrs. Rebecca Newby

1903

- May. 18—Mrs. ——— Newlin
May. 18—Mrs. Hannah J. Harold
Aug. 9—Harry Symond's boy
Aug. 9—Stranger run over by train
Aug. 24—Mrs. Mollie Wilkinson
Aug. 25—William Harrison Johnson
Sept. 16—Aaron Cosand
Sept. 19—Mrs. Flavie Perry
Oct. 15—Albert Sanders' child
Nov. 24—Mrs. Ann Stanley

1904

- Jan. 4—Elam Stanley
Feb. 4—Mrs. Louisa Bond
May —Albert Jeffries' child
Nov. 3—Mrs. Rebecca Roberts
Nov. 16—Ed. E. Small's little girl

1905

- Jan. 9—Mrs. Mary West
Mar. 2—Mrs. Martha Haworth
Mar. 3—Mrs. Elizabeth Brunson
Mar. 22—Mrs. Martha Carey
April 21—John Middleton
April 25—Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson
—Albert Sanders' child
July —Mr. Shearer's boy
August —Miss Lena Brunson
—Pleasant Hiatt
—Rev. McFarland's child
Nov. 13—Alpheus N. Farlow

1906

- Feb. 3—Harrison Johnson's wife
March 7—Lo. Small
May 13—Mrs. Margaret Stewart
—Mrs. Jane Haworth
May 31—Mrs. Mary Carey
July 20—Mrs. Elizabeth Peele
Dec. 30—Samuel P. Michener

1907

- March 8—Mr. ——— Prim
May 5—Thomas West
Sept. 23—Frank H. King
Nov. 10—Edgar Brown's child

1908

Jan. 27—Elmer Michener
Feb. 22—Mrs. Mary Minting
April 12—Mrs. Samuel Adams
April 18—Raymond Sanders
April 20—Miss Rhoda Moffitt
May 15—Eddie Farlow
June 9—Mrs. Drusilla Wilson
July 1—Mrs. Rebecca Morris
Aug. 17—Hiram Minting
Oct. —Mrs. Sarah Cosand
Oct. 21—Moses Sanders
Nov. 7—Forest Sanders
Dec. 6—Miss Susie Robertson
Dec. 16—Charles Perisho

1909

Feb. 6—Gideon Newby
Feb. 27—Alexander Jeffries
Mar. 28—William J. Hawkins
June 19—Mrs. Eliza Williamson
Aug. 4—Mrs. Phoebe Davenport
Aug. 31—William Peele
Sept. 25—Clark Rayle
Oct. 14—Mrs. ——— Follet
Oct. 17—Mrs. ——— West
Nov. 7—Joseph E. Neal

1910

Feb. 12—Dr. Calvin W. Cook
Mar. 17—Mrs. Emma Jeffries
April 24—Mrs. Lydia Rhoads
May 1—B. F. Akers
Sept. 8—Albert A. Haines
Nov. 9—Isaac K. Brokaw

1911

Jan. 26—Mrs. Mary Chappell

Feb. 14—Joshua M. Perisho

Feb. 27—Miss Rosa Haines

Mar. 3—J. William Nutt

Mar. 6—J. William Morrow

Having given the above list of the dead of Carmel, I will give a partial list of the old pioneers and later settlers of the vicinity, who have passed away, it being understood that the good wives of those mated are included:

Alexander Mills, Benjamin Mendenhall, Jacob Green, Sr., Owen Williams, Barnaby Newby, Jonas Hoover, Johnson Gibson, Ezekiel Clampitt, Stephen Hinshaw, Richard Clampitt, William Stubs, Jacob Cook, Thomas Charles, Thomas Mills, Charles Lane. Walter Thornburg, Ezekiel Wilson, George Gibson, William Comer, John Hunt, John Kinzer, Peter Wise, James Mendenhall, Zimri Cook, Isaac Rich, Eli Phelps, Silas Moffitt, Steven Comer, George Davis, George West, Joseph Wilson, William Wilkinson, Sr., Asaph Hiatt, Ornon Bond, Samuel Carey, Sr., Nathan Harold, William Hiatt, Joseph Green, Zenas Carey, Sr., Samuel Campbell, John Lanham, David Wilkinson, Jonathan Evans, William Murphy, Stephen Macy, Darias Power, Captain Todd, Nathan Davis, James Williamson, Levi H. Cook, William Slater, Thomas Harvey, Joseph White, Bohan Harvey, Thomas Symons, Enos Mills, Enos Davis, Sr., John Thomas, Solomon Hiatt, Elias Johnson, John Pierce, Samuel

Stafford, John Baron, Thomas Hazel, Isaac Coppock, Eli Johnson, Andy Mills, Henry Cruse, Robert Moulton, Eli Hockett, Samuel Wilson, Isaac Harold, Sr., John Hiatt, Joseph W. Macy, Jonathan Carey, Zebulon Mendenhall, John Applegate, Ebenezer Applegate, Sr., Joseph Rich, Samuel Harold, Sr., Barnaby Frost, Henry Wilson, Thomas Lightfoot, Moses Rich, John Metsker, Thomas Powell, John Manlove, Joseph Hussey, Daniel Benson, John Lamb, William Rooker, John West, Moses Puckett, Jirah Smith, James G. McShane, Benjamin Harold, Emri Hunt, Stephen Sharp, Burgess Lamb, Elias Harvey, Chas. Wilson, Sr. Wm. Lindley, Henry Lamb, Levi Haines, Sr., Jonathan Wilson, Samuel Cox, James Nutt, Sr., Samuel Bond, Andrew Harold, Charles Myers, Sr., Amos H. Eskew, Erastus Hodgen, Simon Davis, Samuel Bales, Isaac W. Rayl, William Macy, Pinckney Gray, George Stanley, Samuel Rooker, Isaac Wells, John Newby, Eli Small Sr., Thomas Carey Sr., Evan Jessup, William Oliphant, James Clark, Nathan Newby, Macy Bond, John Lancaster, Sr., Franklin Hall, Sr., James Hamar, William Jessup, Absalom Harold, Paris Harrison, Isaac Jeffries, Sr., Samuel Smith, Freeman Farley, James Harold, Noah Stafford, Samuel Small, John Dauson, John C. Jessup, William Reynolds, Sylvester Brunson, Jared Patten, John W. Crews, Dr. J. S. Losay, Joseph Loyd, Sr., Charles Huffman, Sr., Henry W. Henley, Riley Bond, Charles W. Moffitt, John Gilpin, Ellis W. Jessup, Pleasant Nance, Bethel Dunning, Elijah Thornburg, Herbert Lee, Joseph Bond, Ezekiel Thornburg, Dr. L. S. Campbell, Joshua Binford, James Stanton, Samuel Knight, Albert Randall, Henry Pierce, Cyrus Carey, Josiah

Stanley, Calvin Harvey, David Farquhar, Albert Ellis, Madison Richardson, Jonah Fertig, T. J. Applegate, John E. Wicker, Joel Day, Joseph Gray, John Kellam, Elam Stanley, Isaac Wright, William H. Hedgecock, Nathan Wilson, John H. Gray, Hamilton Gray, Seth Green, Sr., Joel Phelps, Henry Gibson, John Green, Clarkson T. Cook, Lemuel Carey, Sr., Christopher West, Thomas Rich, Isaac Carey, Thomas West, Sr., Ira Mendenhall, Thomas Hawkins, Benjamin West, James Burroughs, Jesse West, Richard George, Peter Wise, John Todd, John Florer, Abner Atkinson, Barnaby Todd, Thomas Hinshaw, J. Wilk. Rooker, John Dunn, Salathiel Lamb, Job Smith, Joseph P. Cook, Robert Todd, Thomas Campbell, Cyrus Cook, Jehu Hawkins, Silas Wise, Jesse Small, Benjamin Chappell, Jesse George, Silas Beeson, J. E. King, Howell Thomas, Enos Noblet, Isaac Michener, Thomas Todd, James M. Hanes, Hezekiah Collins, Timothy Smith, Henry C. George, Nathan Stanley, Isaac Newby, Absalom Elliott, John Smith, Jesse Cook, Richard Power, Carey Mendenhall, Hinchman Haines, John Burroughs, George Myers, Elihu Randall, Joseph Myers, Henderson Slater, Abram Jessup, Harmon Cox, Stephen Hiatt, William Comer, Benjamin Wells.

The above is a long list, they have all gone to the great beyond, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, till the resurrection morn. Let us hope for the best for them and all the countless dead who have preceded them.

FINIS

